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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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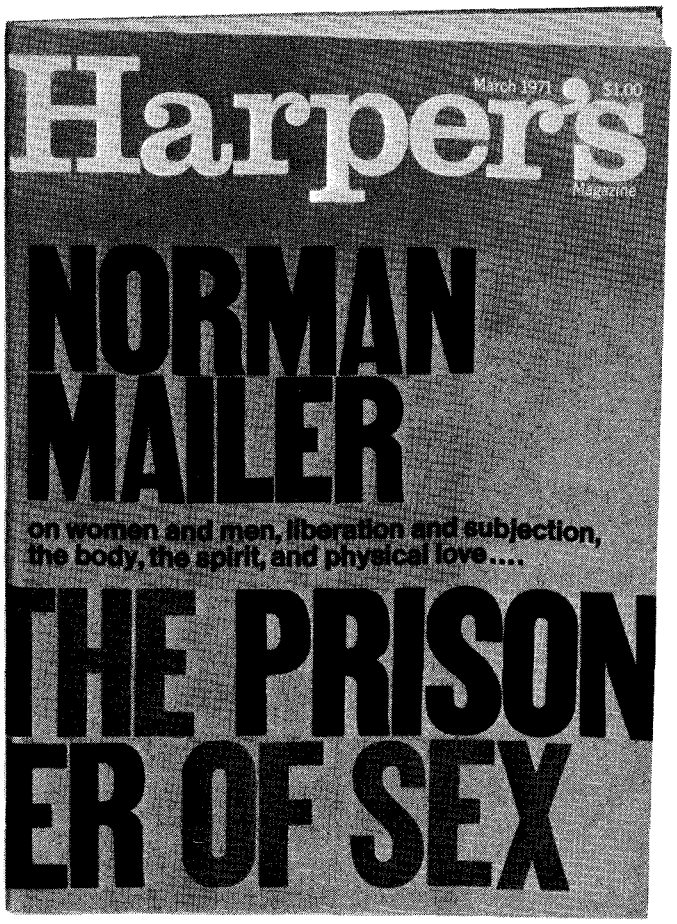
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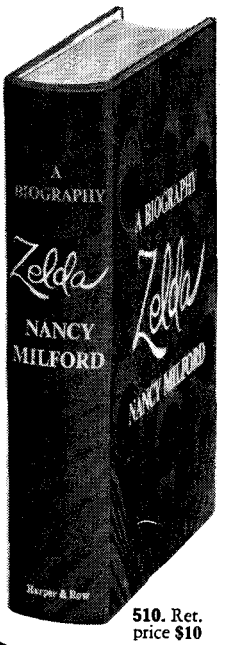

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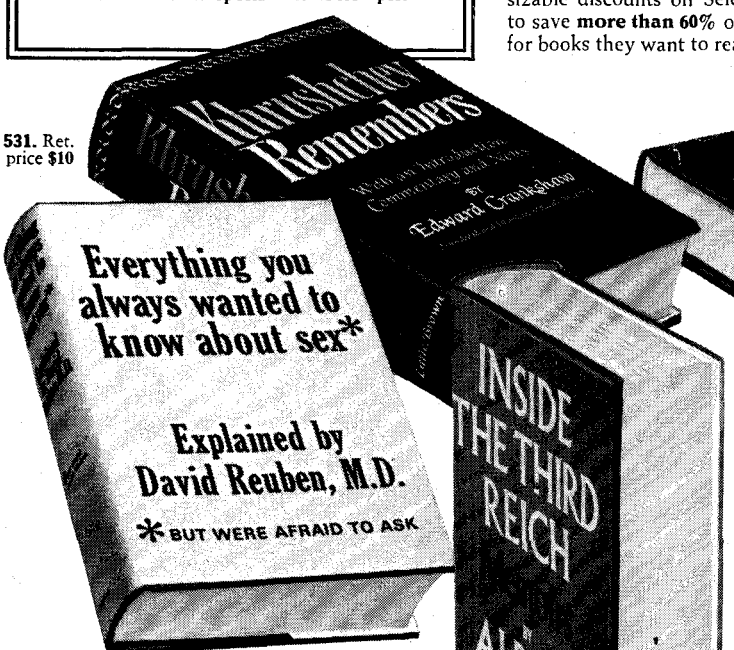

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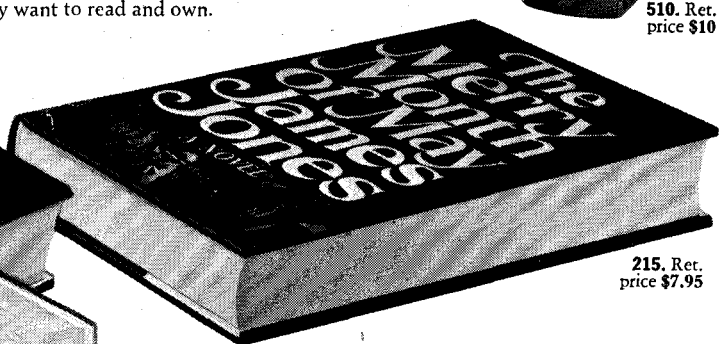

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Swift Solution

Who will forget the celebrated "home-by-Christmas" broadcast of President Nixon over the great victory in Laos? Word of an important announcement built up immense anticipation but was delayed till the start of the monsoon rains. There was an upward jiggle in Mr. Nixon's poll ratings, which had previously been faltering as Louis Harris recorded that 46 percent felt troop withdrawals were too slow and George Gallup reported a Nixon rating of 51 percent, the lowest to date, and that only 19 percent thought Laos would shorten the war.

It was the first Presidential broadcast in which sound effects were used, as part of the steady experimentation by the White House with new ways to reach the American public. Observers expected encouraging news but had little idea of what was to come. The Pentagon disclosed the capture of immense quantities of arms and ammunition and although American reporters were barred at first from the war zone the Army dramatically displayed pictures of smashed tanks, three-foot sections of gasoline pipe from the Ho Chi Minh trail, freshly laundered uniforms from COSVN, and quantities of rice boiled and ready for consumption.

As Mr. Nixon's face flashed on the screen it was seen that he was gravely cheerful. He began with a terse review. The war, he noted, was not his, but inherited; his one goal had been peace with honor. The easy and popular course would have been immediate withdrawal but he had rejected it because it would have destroyed American credibility. What other small nation, he demanded, would have trusted US protection if we had abandoned the Vietnamese as they suffered a million civilian casualties? To have bowed to threats abroad and critics at home (who, of course, had a perfect right to their opinions) would have ended America's record of never having lost a war, an all-time winning streak, as he smilingly observed.

The President paused. Casualties, he noted, had been cut to half what they were before Cambodia – at least American casualties. Cambodia, he said, encountered a drumfire of television criticism, night after night, just as had this new success. Now at Easter, Mr. Nixon said reverently, the country might recall the 50,000 lives which it had invested in the search for a just and lasting peace. It was time, he said, to bring the holocaust to an end. He had therefore ordered the use of small, tactical, nuclear weapons, which were already being employed. These were clean bombs, he emphasized, with little if any radiation danger outside the immediate vicinity and practically no long-range ecological pollution.

There might be critics, he said. But he was confident that it was a humane act, since it meant a quick, surgical termination of an eight-year nightmare. Rejoice, he said, that the step would accelerate US troop withdrawal and cut down American casualties (give or take a negligible loss by accidents in the delivery system). American names like Jones, O'Leary and Pucinski would not figure in the battle deaths.

The President continued. It was preposterous for a nation with advanced technology to fight with one hand tied behind its back. When men explored the sea, communicated by satellite and walked on the moon, what folly it was to forego modern implements of war. Think of the result: the accelerated return of the GIs would make, he hoped, a modest present for wives, sweethearts and parents. Surely by Christmas, he said, the agonizing struggle would belong to history. As Mr. Nixon paused many people believed they heard the faint notes of Handel's oratorio behind him which, indeed, had been arranged experimentally to accentuate the mood.

Like a lawyer, the President anticipated objections. Americans were primarily interested in de-escalation and this, he said, was the ultimate "Vietnamization." The step eliminated an otherwise unacceptable threat to our reduced forces. Also, he said, the enemy had obdurately rejected peace proposals like that of October 7, for mutual withdrawal, prisoner exchange and a Thieu-Ky regime left free from the armed aggression of foreigners invading its soil.

It was a virtuoso display. Instead of several war zones, he explained, it would all be simplified to one. He reviewed privileged sanctuaries, free-fire zones, incursion, interdiction and body-count; strategic hamlets, pacification and protective reaction. No longer, he said, would it be necessary to punish enemy missile sites for "locking on" to our unarmed reconnaissance planes by having the planes annihilate them. Morale was never higher in South Vietnam which, with US bombers, helicopters, artillery, missiles, war materiel, back-up forces and planning, had won the present victory.

Mr. Nixon approached the end of his half hour. Critics, he said, (and they were perfectly entitled to their opinions) would argue that nuclear weapons would kill civilians, but they forgot how it would shorten the war. The new weapon, he said, pointing to a chart, was a small model already devastating enemy territory, with a yield of 50 tons TNT-equivalent which, at 1000 feet, cleared the ground in all directions for a third of a mile from ground zero. These small, clean, tactical devices, or LYDTW (low yield discriminate tactical weapons) would kill people by blast and heat effects from 1000 feet but would mercifully not cause serious damage to urban structures. This meant that survivors would find their beloved abodes safe, yes, even though they were merely palm fringed huts.

The President's eloquence at the end recalled his celebrated peroration of November, 1969 (the "great silent majority" address). There would be opposition he knew (and they were entitled to express their views in a free country). But not to have taken this logical step would have made America a pitiful helpless giant, lost the confidence of our allies and – far more dangerous – "we would have lost confidence in ourselves as we saw the consequences of failure; inevitable remorse and divisive recrimination would scar our spirit as a people." By contrast he offered America the lift of a driving dream.

As Mr. Nixon finished, the organ pealed an eloquent *Te Deum*, which was generally acknowledged to have been one of the finest effects ever put on television.

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Common Cause

John Gardner is a gentleman and a scholar, and so his success in practical politics may be modest. But he is an admirable example of human unpredictability and our capacity for change. He began as an educator, became a foundation chairman, then moved into the Cabinet, only to become disenchanted and return to the educational process through the Urban Coalition. Those close to Mr. Gardner say the journey "radicalized" the 58-year-old Californian, who is still a registered Republican. That is too strong a word. It did, however, lead him onto Common Cause, the new people's lobby that sidesteps partisan politics to deal directly with what Gardner describes as "a system with no access." His has not been a solitary journey. The sixties were a metamorphic decade for countless Americans, as witnessed by the fact that over 108,000 have sent Common Cause their $15 to be part of still another movement for reform.

At the Urban Coalition, Gardner set up a modest lobbying operation – the Urban Coalition Action Council. But since the Urban Coalition is covered by the exemption terms of the tax laws as an educational and charitable institution, the $200,000 needed each year by the Action Council had to be "below the line" money from individuals and corporations, as nondeductible contributions are called in those circles. As the council put on weight and muscle, funding fell away. Once, $30,000 had to be borrowed from a bank to meet payrolls and Gardner repeatedly had to call on friends for emergency funds. He had to get a little money from a lot of people if he was to operate an effective lobby. So late last spring, he set about to raise $500,000 in seed money for his present, broader venture. He got half of it from men like John D. Rockefeller III, John Hay Whitney, George Stevens, Norton Simon, Arthur Krim, Sol Linowitz and the (IBM) Watson brothers. By the time that $250,000 was spent, dues were sufficient to keep Common Cause going and he hasn't gone back for the other half. He isn't worried that wealthy pipers will call the tune. "It isn't the gift you've gotten this year that binds you," Gardner says. "It's what you want next year." What Common Cause will want and get next year is what he and we would like to know.

The organization has yet to decide how or whether the "members" of Common Cause (there are no chapters) are to make policy. It is pulled in opposite directions. It believes fervently in wider participa-

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tion in decision-making, but it is hesitant to risk the factionalism or immobility that may result when policy is at the mercy of constant debate among the rank and file. The first 15,000 who joined were polled on their priorities and, not surprisingly, their major concerns were Vietnam, overhaul and modernization of government, the environment and alleviation of poverty. A familiar list. But beyond polling over a hundred thousand members, from time to time to get their opinions, what will Common Cause be asking of them?

Gardner believes the organization must "focus on things that have a definable end point, that can be won or lost." Thus, on the congressional seniority controversy, it picked out three modest proposals for reform, adding to those the unseating of three House committee chairmen – Wilmer Colmer (Rules), W. R. Poage (Agriculture) and John McMillan (District of Columbia). Only the first was successful, and Common Cause's contribution to that success is debatable. The current campaign to get every member of Congress to support legislation setting Dec. 31, 1971 as the deadline for withdrawal from Vietnam is welcome. But it doesn't include a pledge not to support "war by proxy" through continued funding of the South Vietnamese regime. Was that a deliberate oversight? Probably not. Mr. Gardner is known to have believed earlier that Mr. Nixon was on the way to defusing the war as an explosive political issue. Today, Gardner grants that Common Cause will "have to come to grips" with the implications of Vietnamization, but he adds that "we shape policies as we go along," and that the question hasn't been presented to his board, though if it were, there would be "no resistance at all" to opposing continued financing of Thieu-Ky.

It seems to us rather timid of Gardner, as the leader of a movement that's boiling for a change in national priorities, not to have gone further in his own contingency planning, not to have put himself clearly on record for closing every loophole the Administration might use to prolong US involvement in Indochina, including financing a proxy war. In domestic matters Common Cause has acted with mature self-confidence.

When Common Cause went to work on the seniority system, its St. Louis members wired Rep. Richard Ichord (D, Mo.), asking him to state his position. Ichord, in turn, wrote Gardner that the request was "very impertinent and insolent questioning." Gardner replied that it was neither and released the exchange to the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. Almost overnight, Common Cause membership in St. Louis zoomed from 400 to 1400. It suggests that one way to make friends is to make enemies, and that people will respond to leadership that eschews generalities in favor of hard specifics. But again, Common Cause tends to waver from a general preoccupation with the processes of government, and tangible, controversial choices. Thus, one moment Mr. Gardner talks about how "incrementally, over the years, people have created a system with no access," and about how "advantaged people have built their privileges into the system." The next moment, he stresses the need to "focus on a piece of legislation [in this case, the new McGovern-Hatfield resolution] and to "get some kind of decision from Congress."

The preoccupation with processes which has caused Mr. Gardner to build a "third force" outside the traditional electoral system is reflected in two programs he has approved that are worth note. Ann Wexler, a veteran of the McCarthy and Joseph Duffey campaigns in Connecticut, spends two days a week at Common Cause directing a new voting rights division. She has brought a staff from the Duffey campaign with her and is concentrating on changes in state laws on residency requirements, closing dates for registration and full voting rights for 18-year-olds. Common Cause members are being enlisted for this campaign. Out in Colorado, David Mixner and Craig Barnes are experimenting with a pilot project funded by Common Cause, aimed at uncovering incestuous relationships between the corporate world and state regulatory agencies and the state legislature. In line with this, Common Cause members in Colorado are pushing two bills in the legislature – one described as the "toughest lobbying law in the nation," the other a comprehensive conflict-of-interest law for state legislatures.

Inevitably, the "chicken and egg" question arises. What comes first – defeating the dunderheads in Congress and replacing them with modern public officials, or building a citizen's lobby to put pressure on the officials we've got? Common Cause is interested in the latter, but what of the former? Gardner answers the "chicken and egg" argument by saying "the system," as it stands now, grinds up the good, new people fed to it. "If you could increase by 10 percent or even 15 or 20 percent the number of first-rate people in Congress," he says, "it would be spectacular." But he thinks even if this were accomplished, and we elected the best candidate on the horizon as President, nothing would change: "There would still be the oil lobby, the congressional-military-industrial complex. There would still be the obscene conflict-of-interest in

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very state legislature. What are a few good people to do if you move them into the system unless there's some group out there to back them up." Presumably, therefore, Common Cause hopes to do both, both elect and lobby. But its strategy for elections has yet to be worked out. Meanwhile, it is developing some new ideas and serving as a half-way house for backers of Presidential candidates who haven't announced, such as Sen. Harold Hughes of Iowa.

Finally, however, it will have to decide whether it can become a strong lobbying force unless it can reward its friends and pose credible threats to its enemies – by the granting or withholding of votes and money to candidates. It will have to decide whether it will run candidates on its own. It boasts of its nonpartisanship. But in its early weeks, rumors were flying about that Common Cause was laying the foundation for a third party to be headed up by one or another maverick – McCarthy, Lindsay or possibly Gardner. McCarthy probably laid to rest rumors of his own involvement when he said in Philadelphia that Common Cause is an organization "without a past or a future and a dubious present." (Gardner nevertheless enjoys McCarthy; he thinks that every time the former senator opens his mouth he says something, which is unusual in Wasington.)

That Common Cause is not a third party conspiracy doesn't mean it won't propel people in that direction. Its success to date testifies to a broader phenomenon, one that surfaced in 1968 and again almost overnight when the Vietnam Moratorium was organized in 1969. People *are* weary of the old politics. The hold of clubhouse and courthouse politics of the past has been cracked, but it has yet to be replaced by something else. Mr. Nixon has recognized this growing frustration over the inaccessibility of government and the sluggish response of the two parties to the needs of people. Reports from the field indicate a heavy percentage of Common Cause members are newcomers to political action; in places, the percentage is said to run as high as two-thirds.

Of his own prospective role in 1972, Gardner says that "no one knows what the play of Presidential politics will do to Common Cause or how frustrated we will be in the fall of 1972. It is quite possible I will endorse a candidate. I prefer that Common Cause not do this. If it becomes a third party . . . someone ought to start a new organization, a citizens' movement that is not coopted and not cooptable, to carry on a 10 to 15-year fight." That statement will do for the time being. But it will need revision if the Democrats and Republicans stick by and stick the public with old-style candidates and platforms. If the two parties fail the 108,000 who have mailed $15 each to Common Cause, fail them and their friends and neighbors, Mr. Gardner could wake up one morning to discover his own people beating on his door, demanding a bolder course.

The Nixon Watch

Selling the 'Revolution'

Mr. Nixon's effort to sell his "new American revolution" since he proclaimed it in his State of the Union message suggests that he really believes that it can be "as profound, as far-reaching, as exciting as that first revolution almost 200 years ago." The thought that Tricky Dick is at it again, inviting the Democratic majorities in Congress to reject his main proposals and thereby give him a winning issue in 1972, simply does not match up with the elaborate campaign to generate support that the President is waging, partly in person and partly with the commanded help of his Cabinet Secretaries, their chief assistants, his own assistants at the White House, and the reorganized leadership and staff of the Republican National Committee. Cooperative governors (Nelson Rockefeller notably among them), mayors, county officials, state legislators, the heads and paid executives of business and professional and governmental associations have been addressed, lobbied, briefed, deluged with White House mail. The Vice President has been directed to forego the headlines that gaudier endeavors earn him and devote himself to prosaic but necessary arguments for Nixon revenue-sharing. The President has invited every member of Congress to the White House for breakfast meetings, smaller huddles and individual sessions. Selling the revolution has been made the first business of his domestic assistants, high and low. They have been instructed to pass up no opportunities that come their way, and to seek others, to get out of their offices and preach the revolution.

The priorities established for this massive effort are informative. Welfare reform, which the President called "the most important" of all his programs in his January message, gets no more than incidental attention, perhaps because the critical fight for it is going on within the House Ways and Means Committee. Draft reform, his environmental program and his proposal for limited national health insurance figure in the promotional briefings and speeches. So, with somewhat greater emphasis, does the proposal to merge seven domestic departments into four consolidated monsters. But the Nixon measure that gets the big push is revenue sharing, the two-part program that the President in Des Moines termed his "$16 billion investment in renewing state and local government."

This is interesting, for several reasons. The priority reflects Mr. Nixon's familiar fascination with government and its processes, with the problems of making it work as he thinks it should. However engrossing and attractive the prospect of sharing federal revenues may be, at least in principle, to incumbent state and local officials, it is not an inherently popular and appealing

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issue. The sluggish response of senators and representatives in both parties to it cannot have surprised Mr. Nixon. He can hardly think that in revenue sharing, win or lose in Congress, he has an issue that will importantly affect the national elections next year. Yet he puts it at the top of his revolutionary agenda and acts as if he is determined to keep it there. Why? Shared revenue entails shared responsibility – not as much sharing of responsibility as the President and his spokesmen appear to claim but do not actually claim; but certainly enough to make some of the difference in the federal system that he says it will make. One has to believe, observing the President's commitment to his proposition, that he has the confidence in state and local government that he professes to have and that he believes the difference will be enough to "give the people of America a chance, a bigger voice in deciding for themselves those questions that so greatly affect their lives."

The burden of sustaining the President's proposition that state and local governments are closer and more responsive to "the people" than the federal government is falls, not upon him, but upon the officials who have to draft and expound his legislation. They have found that it is much easier to talk about shucking federal responsibility than it is to shuck responsibility. "General" revenue sharing provides a good example of the difficulty. This is the form of sharing that in principle promises states and localities $5 billion in the first operative year, rising to $10 billion a year by 1980, in federal tax money they can spend as they please. But, it turns out, not altogether as they please. The recipients must tell the Secretary of the Treasury what they propose to use the money for. Discriminatory denial of its benefits to any citizen "on the ground of race, color or national origin" is forbidden and punishable. The governor of each state is to be the Treasury's enforcement agent, and there is plenty of room for governors to protect their friends in local and county governments. But in the end the local officials and the governors are liable to penalties ranging from cut-off of further federal funds to civil suit to recover misused funds. Their budgets are subject to federal audit, a feature of the proposal that the President minimizes and his spokesmen are extremely reluctant to discuss. It takes the sheen off the promise of free funds to be freely used by the receiving governments without federal supervision.

The companion "special" revenue sharing is shot through with similar and greater anomalies. This is the form of sharing that lumps 130 federal grant programs into six general-purpose programs and is supposed to simplify the distribution to states and localities of $11.4 billion a year for urban and rural development, law enforcement, education, manpower training, and transportation. The simplest of these, the one intended to give states and localities the utmost discretion in their use of the federal money, is for law enforcement. Mr. Nixon introduced Attorney General Mitchell when he appeared in the White House press room to explain its virtues. Mitchell had a terrible time with the provision that state and local governments must submit comprehensive plans but don't have to get federal approval of the plans. What then, he was asked, did the federal government require? "In the last analysis," Mitchell answered, "it is a requirement that they (the recipients) comply with their own plan." He was reminded that the Justice Department recently had to step in and correct the scandalous misuse of law-enforcement grants in Alabama, and was asked what he could and would do in such a situation if the new system is adopted. "I don't think we need get into what might have been or will be until the actual circumstances are presented to us," he replied.

George Romney, the Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, made a convincing case at his press briefing that the proposed substitution of shared revenues for restricted grants will ease and simplify both the distribution and the use of federal funds for community development. But he, too, had to acknowledge that the vaunted freedom being offered state and local governments isn't all that complete. What if a mayor and city council used federal money to replace a neighborhood with a football stadium and called it community development? "They can't just do anything with community development funds," Romney answered. "They will know that if they want more money through the discretionary funds, they had better do a good job because otherwise they won't get some additional funds from that source."

John Ehrlichman, the President's assistant for domestic affairs, preferred in his numerous briefings to minimize federal compulsion and emphasize the corrective power of state and local electorates. Ehrlichman was the busiest and probably the most effective of the President's briefers, in all but continuous meetings with congressmen, businessmen, editors, working newsmen. He showed himself to be knowledgeable, frank within limits, a true believer. He also gave some examples of the quality of talk heard at the Nixon White House, from its very best performers. "If people are getting mugged on every street corner and the police cars don't operate," Ehrlichman said the other day, "and the city council meets and instead of putting additional money into law enforcement they go for a tax reduction, I think you could see where that eventually would lead in terms of local realities." At the same briefing: "If the county supervisors decide that three statues will be erected in the county to their respective wives, made of Italian marble. . . . I think that is something that could be put into the political process of the locality by simply airing that intention."

John Osborne

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The GM Mark of Intransigence

Full of Air

For the past three years, General Motors has had in development an inflatable air cushion designed to save the occupants of a car from death or injury in a crash. In a collision at speeds as low as eight miles per hour, an electronic sensor triggers inflation of the cushion hidden in the dashboard or steering wheel hub. It all happens in 60 thousandths of a second. If the device works properly, driver and passengers are shielded from metal and glass. The air bag, for which there is a functioning prototype, is a major achievement; it could save many of the 55,000 persons killed on the highways each year, not to mention the 4.5 million who suffer injuries serious enough to put them in hospitals. As standard equipment on new cars it would eliminate the need for torso seat belts many drivers and passengers find uncomfortable and inconvenient.

In January, GM's top executives and engineers treated 100 reporters to a demonstration of the air cushion at the company's Milford, Michigan proving grounds. As it turned out, the demonstration was not intended to sell anyone on the invention, quite the contrary. For one thing, the press was told, the device is noisy. David D. Campbell, the assistant chief engineer for GM's Fisher Body Division, who guided development of the air bag, told reporters that, to protect themselves, they should shield their ears from the sound. (I did not. To me it did not seem as loud as the report of a 12-gauge shotgun. You would never hear it if your car slammed into another car at 60 miles an hour.)

"There are other problems as well," Campbell said. "Inadvertent deployment, failure to deploy when needed, or delayed deployment – these are by no means the only unresolved questions regarding system reliability and the manufacturer's possible liability."

General Motors' denigration of its own air bag was its way of telling the federal government to get off its back. The air cushions originally were to have been required for all new cars sold in 1972. Under industry pressure, the National Highway Safety Bureau postponed the deadline to January 1, 1973, then to July 1, 1973. The auto companies, including Ford and Chrysler, then appealed to the Department of Transportation to put off the requirement still further – 'til 1975.

GM had been saying repeatedly that in safety and antipollution the government is trying to force "impossible technical feats" on the auto industry. Although the layman may be inclined to believe the company and its engineers when they say something can't be done, there is reason for skepticism, and it's provided by one of GM's own people. At dinner the evening of the day GM had demonstrated the air bag to the press, David Campbell privately told a group of reporters that the air bag works better than the company says. "We have 'five nines' for reliability," he said, meaning, in English, that in his opinion the system's reliability is 99.999 percent. The air cushion will work properly and at the proper moment in nearly every case. As for noise, he said, there was no problem muffling it below levels dangerous to the ear. He believes in the device. Why, then, had Campbell been so pessimistic earlier that same day when he met the press? The question got a smile and a shrug.

GM and the other car manufacturers want to market the air cushion, if at all, on a schedule that would least disrupt planned production and style changes. The air bags will be installed in certain company cars next year. Thereafter, the manufacturers would introduce the safety device in stages. About one third of GM's model lines are changed drastically each year, and GM wants to install the air bags only in those cars affected by major styling changes beginning in 1975.

On March 5, Transportation Secretary Volpe reiterated the 1974 model-year deadline, which the auto industry had opposed, but decided not to require the full crash protections air bags would afford until 1975. Manufacturers will thus be free to develop and install an inferior alternative as a stopgap. So what looked like government standing up to industry was in reality capitulation.

The industry now favors a passive restraining system to protect motorists from serious injury, similar to the so-called "Foster cushion car" developed by Dr. David Foster, a British researcher. Foster's invention, dating to 1968, amounts to nothing more than extra padding for the dashboard and other interior car surfaces. Detroit laughed at the Foster cushion at first, just as it had ridiculed seat belts. But on February 8 Chrysler unveiled a new safety cushion car, similar to Foster's. Chrysler, Ford and GM all expect they will be ready with the new cushioning by the original 1973 federal deadline, though they're protesting it anyway.

The additional padding amounts to little more than putting a pillow over the dashboard; it would give some passive protection in crashes into an unyielding concrete barrier at 30 miles per hour, which is the equivalent of a 60 mile per hour collision with a yielding, parked car. The principle drawback of the cushion approach is that as federal standards become more stringent, more and more padding would have to be added until finally there would hardly be room in a car for passengers to move around. Furthermore, the cushion car relies on energy absorbing steering columns and more flexible windshields to prevent fatal injuries. But windshields and steering columns would nevertheless result in death in high speed crashes. There would still be those serious facial injuries that preoccupy plastic surgeons. Chrysler's auto safety expert, Roy Haeusler, does not regard the de-

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velopment as the last word in safety, but he thinks that "if an [air bag] system is developed to the point of practicality, it could quite conceivably be added to our passive energy-absorbing panel system."

If the thickly padded car then is a stopgap, and if the air cushion is now practical, there is no public-interest basis for Detroit's intransigence. The US Air Force, employing as subjects 40 officers and enlisted men receiving hazardous duty pay, has tested the air bag at Holloman Air Force Base, New Mexico. It has worked without fail or injury. The Air Force is preparing to simulate crashes at 60 miles per hour, using human subjects. Doubts as to the safety, reliability, and feasibility of the air bags are virtually resolved. There are no grounds for Detroit to delay. Each year 55,000 lives are at stake.

Patrick J. Sloyan

Oregon for the Oregonians

Portland

There remain standing in California a few dozen missions, forts and houses that were built barely more than a century ago by the earliest settlers. Many of these wooden and adobe structures are now historical monuments. To visit one of them is to be exposed to a mild dosage of future shock. The land upon which the buildings sit was once unspoiled meadow or gently rolling hill or wooded glen. Today it is cluttered with gas stations, supermarkets and row upon row of ticky tacky houses. Seeing the old surrounded by the new, one realizes how abruptly the face of California has changed. A hundred and twenty-five years ago there was scarcely a trace of English-speaking, white-skinned man; now there are twenty million English-speakers, most of whom drive cars, watch TV and eat mass-produced Kentucky fried chicken. Neither Rome nor any other civilized community was built in a day, but California comes closest to the speed record.

Not so to the north in Oregon – at least not yet. Here the pace of change is slower, more comprehensible, and what's most important, more controllable. People came here before they came to California, moving across the vast continent in covered wagons (there were no interstate highways then), but they didn't rush here, they didn't overwhelm the land or the quiet lives of those who preceded them. They built a state that is easygoing, lacking in racial tension and urban woes, proud of its uniqueness and skeptical of outside interlopers. It was, and still is, the kind of place where people come in search not of instant riches or sun or glamor, but simply of room to work and think and live. Thus far most of those who ve planted roots here have found room and enjoyed it, despite an excess of rain and a scarcity of high-paying jobs. What dismays Oregonians today is that 'progress' is about to overtake them.

Most states in America welcome population growth. They like the clout it adds to the local economy, to representation in Congress and in the electoral college. But not Oregon. Nowhere have I found more wariness about unwanted people. You pick it up right away from the taxi driver, who urges you to spend money, have a good time, and then get out. You pick it up from the bartender, who informs you how he backpacked into his favorite retreat, a Cascade ridge previously deserted even on Labor Day, and found the campsite swarming with hikers. You get it from the Governor, Tom McCall, who tells conventioneers, "Come visit us, but for heaven's sake don't come here to live." And you hear it from all political quarters, from ecology-minded liberals to card-carrying National Rifle Association conservatives, from students to hard-hats and from a lot of businessmen in between.

Those with a vested interest in home building and financing are, of course, still eager for increased business, but real estate developers in Oregon are not the sacred cows they are in other places. The residents of Lincoln City, a small coastal town, voted down a high-rise hotel along the beach last year despite promises that it would put more money in local pockets. Tourism is crucial to communities on the coast, but the people of Lincoln City were damned if they'd permit the desecration of their beachfront merely for the sake of extra dollars.

Oregon's attitude toward industry is much the same. Except for its lumber, paper and small-scale electronics concerns, Oregon has never undergone much non-agricultural development, and it doesn't feel that it has missed much. The aerospace industry, which in its heyday engulfed California and Washington, leap-frogged over Oregon. So did the military itself, which has no major bases in the state. Oregon's economy, as a consequence, has never soared to Cold War heights or plunged to Seattle-like depths; it remains closely tied to down-to-earth matters such as interest rates which determine how much housing the nation builds and thus how much lumber it buys.

Most states would be greatly distressed at such reliance upon the health of a single, if basic, industry. Oregonians are concerned, but mildly so. They would like new industry to take up the slack in employment (the jobless rate is currently over six percent), but they don't want new industry at any price. Above all, they do not want new industry that pollutes. Governor McCall, when he talks to out-of-state businessmen about the prospects of expanding into Oregon, delivers what is almost a sales pitch in reverse. "Oregon has not

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been over-eager lap-dog to the economic master," he recently told an industrialists' meeting in Los Angeles. "It has been wary of smoke stacks and suspicious of rattle and bang. It has not camped, cup in hand, at anyone's affluent doorstep. It has wanted industry only when that industry was willing to want what Oregon is."

Nowadays wanting what Oregon is means spending considerable amounts of money to preserve its livability – and even that is not always sufficient to please everyone. Astoria is an old port city near the mouth of the Columbia river. For many years it has been in the doldrums, with unemployment steadily over ten percent. In 1969, Amax Aluminum (American Metals Climax) announced plans to build a $145 million reduction plant outside Astoria that would employ 800 people and single-handedly revive the area's economy. The plant probably will be built, but only over the strenuous opposition of local citizens concerned about protecting the Columbia estuaries, and with the assurance of Governor McCall that scrubbers will remove 93 to 96 percent of the flouride emissions or he personally will see that the plant gets shut down.

Though Oregonians are deadly serious about escaping the benefits of progress, American style, they can be light-hearted in their approach to fighting it; among the many graces of the state is that its residents have not yet succumbed to the sense of impending apocalypse that grips so many other areas of the nation. A favorite habit of Oregonians is to talk dismally with visitors about the disadvantages of their state. "Last year it rained 360 days and the other five days it was damn cloudy," says Ron Abell, self-styled president of the James G. Blaine Society, an assemblage of at least two persons dedicated to preserving Oregon for Oregonians. "Did you know," he adds with tongue firmly planted in cheek, "that the state animal is the earthworm and the state bird is the mosquito?" Dr. James Brooke, a Eugene bone specialist who speaks for the equally whimsical Joaquin Miller Society (Joaquin Miller was a vagabond poet who roamed the Willamette valley at about the same time James G. Blaine was running unsuccessfully for the Presidency), favors building a tunnel under the state from California to Washington, opening the tunnel when it rains and closing it when it's sunny. There's even a faction of militants who call for re-stocking the borders with grizzly bears.

To a degree, of course, the appeal to humor reflects the fact that there is little a state can legally do to shut out immigration. Several years ago a Portland mayor suggested only partly in jest that passports and visas be required for entering Oregon. That sort of infringement upon the right to travel in interstate commerce was declared unconstitutional thirty years ago when California tried to keep out the Okies. More subtle forms of dissuasion are nevertheless possible, and Oregon has tried a few of them. The state highway department's tourist advertising budget has been slashed. A campsite reservation system has been established for the overcrowded state parks, with preference going to Oregonians over out-of-staters. The Department of Economic Development changed the name of its monthly newsletter from *Oregon Growth* to *Oregon Quality*. A statewide hotel and motel tax has been proposed.

None of these measures can actually stop the influx of visitors, settlers and industry, and the effort to do so is really more a state of mind than a coherent program. But it is a powerful state of mind all the same, and a refreshing improvement upon old-fashioned Chamber of Commerce boosterism. The change comes none too late, for there is little time left if Oregon is to be spared the fate of its southern neighbor. Already the smog in the Willamette valley is thickening; a hundred thousand more automobiles and it could become another Los Angeles. Banks in Portland are competive with each other to build the tallest skyscraper, and "planned community" developers are looking hungrily at Oregon's low-priced land.

It may well be that no state can long remain uncluttered when all around it there is overcrowding and urban sprawl, but it's reassuring to know that somewhere the fight is being made.

Peter Barnes

Sex Discrimination on Campus

The Womanpower Problem

"Once you let women know they've got you over a barrel they'll take everything they can get from you. Women just make life difficult." – William Cash, University of Michigan human relations director

The Contract Compliance division at Health, Education and Welfare is blocking new government contracts to major universities because they discriminate against women, and those who run the universities – mostly men – are unhappy. It all started when the Women's Equity Action League unearthed Executive Order 11246, amended as an afterthought in 1968 to prohibit discrimination by federal contractors based on sex as well as race, religion, age and national origin. The Executive Order stands alone on the federal books as a guardian of women's rights. Since January, WEAL has demanded investigations at more than 200 colleges, including the entire state systems of New York, California, Florida and New Jersey. More will follow.

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"Any college you want to look at all have sex discrimination problems," a top HEW official predicts.

HEW picked the University of Michigan as its test target. Barely six percent of the University faculty with professorial status are women, and most of them cluster in nursing school (all women), library science, child education, physical education and social work and the romance languages. Women who work on the nonacademic staff seldom rise above secretarial status, but they often do more than a secretary's work. It's common to find a woman clerical worker with a BA or MA performing the same duties as a man classified higher up on the scale. Even women who make the senior administrative assistant grade – the University's female pinnacle – average 27 percent less salary than male counterparts. "Women are the university's niggers," says a typist who graduated from Swarthmore.

Michigan's administrators, all men of course, consider that they already have too many oppressed minorities to look after, and not enough jobs. When HEW handed Michigan a 20-page report crammed with evidence of sex discrimination and demanded tough remedial action, Michigan mustered a promise to keep "staff members informed periodically [and] that the Michigan Civil Rights Commission is available to review and process discrimination, including sex, complaints." HEW was not satisfied and promptly requested federal agencies to block up to $7.5 million in contracts. After frantic negotiations with HEW, the University finally wrote the nation's first affirmative action plan to achieve employment equality between the sexes. "In tight times like these we can't afford to have any contracts held up," says Fedele Fauri, Michigan's vice president. "We just want to get these bastards at HEW off our backs."

The University pledges itself to achieve salary equity between men and women in the same jobs and pay back wages – retroactive to the date of hiring – to any woman who should have been earning more. Faculty will undertake "vigorous recruitment" of females in academic posts, and department supervisors must give "priority consideration" to eligible women who seek promotion. From now on, tandem husband-wife teams will get equal pay; wives who have lost out will receive back wages. And when recruiters look for new employes, they won't classify job openings by sex.

The government is billing Michigan's program as a "historic" model, but just how many women will the university hire? President Robben Fleming says Michigan can't afford any new staff for at least three years. So "in the short run," says Barbara Newell, Fleming's assistant, "I'm afraid what we may be doing is just making sure that women aren't the first to be squeezed out."

All universities are feeling the financial pinch these days and Michigan officials aren't eager to compensate women for past inequities. Besides, "it's an imposition," complains vice president Allan Smith. "Our objection is the godawful number of *man* hours it will take to do it." So they're playing games with statistics: when personnel investigators combed job files to uncover cases of wage discrimination, they considered only categories which include men as well as women – less than 25 percent of the work force. Then, instead of comparing the *average female* to the *average male* salary, they compared *female* wages to the average salary of men and women *together*. Predictably, personnel found only 160 women out of 6000 female employes whose pay is below "normal" – and the university claims it can "explain away" all but 35. It won't talk about the mass of women employes, the clerical workers with bottom pay and scanty worker benefits. There are hardly any male workers to compare them with.

What about "priority consideration" for women who qualify for better jobs but don't get promoted? Michigan administrators say HEW misunderstood the situation. "We have hundreds of well qualified faculty wives, knowing their tenure here is only three to five years because their husbands will leave, who don't seek a higher position," says vice president Smith. "They don't want additional responsibility." But if they do? "We'll put their names on a list along with everybody else and consider them when there's an opening," another official replies.

Women always had the option of fighting their battles through normal grievance procedures. Complain to your supervisor ("that's the man who hired you and is responsible for the grievance in the first place," says Barbara Newell), then to your department head and finally to the university grievance board – the director of personnel, your unit chief and, as a special new feature in sex cases, a woman. Director of personnel Edward Hayes has already made his finding: "As far as personnel is concerned, discrimination against women does not exist." But he allows that, "Maybe the grievance procedure does not insure the most fair and impartial review since we are reviewing our own judgments."

HEW has the zeal but not the money or staff to make its orders stick. "Eradication of sexual discrimination in employment presents more serious problems for the enforcement agencies than for the employer," President Fleming admits. HEW has only 27 people to investigate contract compliance at thousands of universities and hospitals under its jurisdiction around the country. They have to worry not only about sex, but race, national origin, age and religion as well. HEW devoted an extraordinary amount of time to the first phase of negotiations with Michigan, but can't possibly follow up on the University's progress. Complaints against 200 more colleges are sitting in its files.

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"Our investigations now are hit and miss," says James Hodgedon, HEW's Chicago regional director.

So far, HEW has blocked contracts to four universities but only Michigan and Pittsburgh have come up with remedial programs. Pittsburgh omits retroactive pay to compensate women employes, but it pledges substantial increases in the number of women to be hired in the next ten months. HEW just completed an exhausting 11-month investigation at Harvard, and is awaiting a reply. Harvard, which doesn't have a single woman among 411 tenured graduate-school professors, would not let HEW investigators on campus, until they started blocking contracts. While negotiations continue at Maryland, Wisconsin, and Illinois, the University of Pennsylvania has suddenly announced a voluntary women's rights plan – because, says its president, a university is "a humane place."

The federal fuss over sex discrimination on the campus won't help women who want to study but don't want to work. The executive order doesn't cover admissions. HEW originally ordered Michigan to boost the number of women in graduate programs, because graduate status is a prerequisite for employment as a teaching or research assistant. But when the university objected, Contract Compliance referred the dispute to Secretary Elliot Richardson. Michigan officials say they'll go to the courts if Richardson's decision goes against them.

No one talks about women undergraduates, who usually have to prove they're better than men to attend college in the first place. Most colleges including Michigan accept far fewer women than men, although more women come out on top in terms of standardized test scores and grade averages. The University of North Carolina admissions bulletin says: *"Admission of women on the freshman level will be restricted to those who are especially well qualified."*

Women may be helped in the next few weeks, when President Nixon submits a new higher-education bill prohibiting sex discrimination in any programs administered by the US Commissioner of Education. But women would get better protection if Congress would amend the 1964 civil rights act to bar sex discrimination in all federally financed programs.

"There goes my male chauvinism," says Michigan's vice president Smith, who can't stop saying *man* power. "I'm trying to learn to say *person*."

Daniel Zwerdling

Mr. Zwerdling *writes a column for the University of Michigan* Daily.

Senator Jackson's Latest Alarm

Wolf at the Pentagon Door

by Ronald L. Tammen

Responsibility for national defense rests, of course, as much with Congress as with the military establishment. Congress, however, has not only neglected its responsibilities but has misused its power to review military programs. Not many years ago, certain weapons systems came out of Congress with more funds than DoD had optimistically requested. One is even tempted to say, more than they knew what to do with, but that would contradict a rule of bureaucracies. Perhaps lulled by congressional laxity, the public comfortably accepted the direction and size of the military establishment. In part, this acceptance can be attributed to a decline in keen investigative reporting. In part, it was a by-product of our confidence in American technology.

The Department of Defense is the largest single-unit bureaucracy in the world and, as with any bureaucracy, it responds to criticism in kind, engages in extreme forms of self-protection, expands whenever possible, generates work without authorization, and erects a protective wall around itself. With changes in Administration coming rather frequently, there is

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little on-going control over the bureaucracy; it bends but never breaks. Built-in bureaucratic inertia so regulates routine business that inefficiency becomes routine. Only in time of crisis can the organization shake loose. This tendency to respond effectively only in emergencies has led to an uneven weapon acquisition process. The Pentagon has done what comes natural; it tried to fill in the lows – the times when foreign threats did not seem alarming – in order to sustain a high level of weapon acquistion.

To borrow the basic concept of the free enterprise system, the Pentagon needs stimulation to work effectively. It needs competition with end-goals. But external competition, i.e. the international threat, is precisely what has been absent for most of the past decade. In a very real sense, the Pentagon has been too effective, and as a consequence has been forced to develop new methods for wringing the money it wants out of the Executive and the Congress.

Throughout the 1950s and most of the 1960s, the United States enjoyed unparalleled strategic superiority. Granted, Sputnik and the "missile gap" threw scares into the public and the military alike, yet in strict statistical measures, there was no real strategic threat to this country. This presented Defense planners with a distressing dilemma. How do you request more funds to augment an already overpowering military force? Several techniques were found. First, exaggerate the threat. This was not necessarily a deliberate decision. In certain cases, prolonged exposure to the military environment produced a particular mentality which generated perceptions of potential threats in larger-than-life forms. Mirror imaging and face value acceptance of some Soviet statements also contributed to this exaggeration. In addition, it is the normal inclination of defense planners to guard against all possible threats, even when unsubstantiated, and this encouraged a conservative analytical approach as represented by the "greater-than-expected" technique of assessing enemy capabilities.

On the other hand, occasionally this exaggeration was deliberate. A little inter-Service rivalry can go a long way toward producing a specific threat evaluation to fit a desired level of funding. For years, the Air Force held out against the Army, Navy, CIA and NSA over the question of the number of Soviet long-range bombers. They used the technique of taking a footnote to the National Intelligence Estimates (NIEs) on USSR strategic capabilities and intentions. In public and private discussions, the Air Force would cite their larger Service footnotes, instead of the consensus of the other intelligence agencies. This in turn provided the basis for Air Force requests for advanced air defense systems like SAGE, Nike-Hercules and now AWACS, as well as for new strategic bombers.

With the end of the 1960s, and the realization that the Soviet Union was approaching parity with the US in terms of strategic missile launchers, the competitive spirit was rekindled at the international level. However, a new problem faced the Pentagon – credibility. It hasn't solved it. After repeated cries of "wolf," traditional calls to arms are failing to evoke immediate congressional panic. For years, just prior to the military authorization and appropriations votes, lead stories appeared in newspapers warning of impending and aggressive Soviet military moves. The SS-9 scare emerged in time for the ABM authorization debate of 1970. The rumor of a Soviet submarine base in Cuba coincided with the 1970 appropriations bill, and now Senator Henry Jackson (D, Wash.) has aired his version of new "ominous developments." According to this Presidential aspirant, the Soviets have started deploying a large follow-on to the SS-9 ICBM, a fact that should "shock" us. As in previous leaks of this kind, his story is built upon sketchy information. Neither the Pentagon nor the Administration has echoed Jackson's alarm. The Soviets apparently have begun construction of some type of new or modified silos, but this alone does not support the assertion that the USSR is initiating a "huge build-up." The tone and timing of Jackson's statement are strikingly similar to John F. Kennedy's illusory missile-gap of 1960. These Soviet missile activities are subject to many different interpretations. It will be some time before intelligence analysts reach any firm conclusions. Focusing on the worst possible interpretation, exaggerating and even distorting facts, serves only to foster hysteria. The seriousness of the problem demands the highest responsibility. In the long run, this selective release of classified material to reinforce budgetary requests or to enhance political reputations will undermine public confidence in the Pentagon and in Congress.

What, then, are the lessons that Congress and DoD can learn from recent experience? First, if meaningful agreements are reached at SALT, we must beware that internal competition is not again substituted for the foreign threat and defense spending retained at inflated levels. Second, DoD must start playing it straight with Congress by explaining just how foreign threats are computed. And third, the Office of the Secretary of Defense must not be afraid to make hard allocative decisions, even though they may adversely affect one of the three Services. We can no longer afford to feed the Army, Navy and Air Force at $20 billion each a year. Someone has to, in Pentagonese, bite the bullet. And when that happens, it is quite possible that the Air Force will be the branch that feels the pain. Gradually, liberals and conservatives alike are reaching toward some sort of tacit understanding that the nation's deterrent is most effective when moved to sea. If Congress and the Executive continue to move in this direction, then the previous internecine Service battles will seem diminutive by comparison. It is not hard to forecast a real showdown between the Navy and Air Force over the spoils of strategic systems.

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The Odyssey of Robert Williams

by Georgie Anne Geyer

Of all the mysterious voyagers in the shadow worlds of revolutionary politics, perhaps no American has traveled so curious a route as Robert F. Williams. Hunted on an apparently trumped-up civil rights kidnapping charge in North Carolina in 1962, the black NAACP leader fled to Cuba. There he made anti-American broadcasts aimed at American blacks, until he tired of Fidel Castro's application of the "class struggle" to the American racial fight. He journeyed to North Vietnam, North Korea and, finally, China, where he stayed for three years as a prized guest. Today he is employed as a consultant in the Center for Chinese Studies at the University of Michigan (the next best thing for him, since they do not have a department of clandestine arts) and is beginning a book about his experiences in China.

Intelligence sources in Washington say the old North Carolina charges are "dormant and going to stay dormant." Williams fears they are still pending – at least, he is still unable to leave the state of Michigan because of them. Treason charges, which could be placed against him for broadcasts? These same sources look blank – who would do such a thing to Williams?

All of us who covered or worked in civil rights found Williams' case interesting. I recall very well the bizarre "kidnapping" – actually the holding of a white couple for a few hours as protection against official homicide against civil righters – and I remember when Williams turned up suddenly in Cuba. When I went there in the summer of 1966 and asked about him, there was a chorus of hemming and hawing. Finally the Foreign Office people told me, without much conviction, that he had left and gone to China. Then, suddenly, in September, 1969, he was back in the United States. His ride home was better publicized than his ride to Cuba. He was flying back on TWA, just like any other traveler, when he was taken off the plane in London and held six days in prison.

"Why don't they let me go on?" he asked his jailers. One replied, "They're afraid you'll hijack the plane." "Hijack the plane!" he said, "Hell, I've already been in all the places you hijack planes to!"

Unwilling to fly a "dangerous radical" with other folks, TWA gave him and his lawyer a private jet to New York. "They told me it cost them $20,000," Williams told me. I had paid $500, and all I wanted to do was fly on a regular plane, but if they wanted to give me a $20,000 ride, it was okay with me."

When I found him in Detroit recently, at his brother's home in suburbia, I was immediately charmed. Good-looking, wearing a well-trimmed Afro goatee and an African-patterned shirt, he showed a quick intelligence, an informed judgment and, above all, a highly developed sense of humor about everything that had happened to him.

Cuba? "Remember in the South they used to slap the black man on the back and give him a cigar? Well, it's the same in Cuba, only it's a Havana cigar."

Williams was not mistreated by the Cubans. On the contrary, he was a member of the elite, with his own house, car and gasoline plus $400 a month as an allowance. Nor did his troubles, particularly in the beginning, when he says he was "extremely bitter" against the United States, revolve around any idea he would not say what the Cubans wanted him to say.

A typical broadcast, on Jan. 19, 1963, for instance, went: "Johnnyboy Kennedy paid a surprise visit to a convention of what he called 'Negro women sororities.' Man, these phoney politicians are a riot when they want black votes. Now, can you just imagine slick John putting himself out for the black bottom chicks?"

In his NAACP job, Williams had been an integrationist. After his Cuban experience he became a black nationalist and separatist, and it was then that his troubles started. The Cubans insisted that the black American's natural allies were the white working class. "I openly disputed this," Williams told me. "I had found that the whites in the South who helped us were the intelligentsia. The farmers and the millworkers . . . were the ones trying to kill us and standing on the sides jeering. One day, the municipal leader of the party in Havana called me and said he couldn't support my position – that was in '64. One reason they couldn't support black nationalism, he said, was that it advocated division and self-determination. If they supported us . . . well, they had a heavy concentration of black people in Oriente province. What would happen if *they* wanted self-determination? I told him I understood their predicament. I said that in the US people who made compromises like that were called Uncle Toms. I wasn't going to be an Uncle Tom for capitalism, or for socialism, either."

He was particularly irked when Blas Roca, one of the old Moscow-line Communists, scolded him. "He

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praised Martin Luther King and attacked Malcolm X," Williams said, shaking his head. "The newspaper, *Hoy*, said Malcolm X was a black fascist. They were praising King for his alliance with the white working class. I told them I couldn't understand how a Marxist could support nonviolence."

Ironically, when he visited North Vietnam in 1964, he discussed this problem with Ho Chi Minh and Ho sympathized with him. "He told me how he helped organize the French Communist Party," Williams said. "But then they told him they'd have to have a revolution among the French working class first. It was the same thing as with me. So he went home realizing the Vietnamese had to do it themselves."

Williams insists that though he asked Castro for money to train blacks, he never got any. American intelligence, on the other hand, alleges that Williams got "substantial funds" from Castro as early as 1959 to found the Committee for Just Treatment for Cuba. But his later activities are of far more interest. Williams' newspaper, *The Crusader*, smuggled into the US from Cuba during those years, supplied sabotage instructions that federal investigators said were used in the 1964 Harlem Riots. While in Cuba, Williams was chairman-in-exile of the Revolutionary Action Movement or RAM, a black nationalist group. He was leader of it when RAM member, Robert Collier, who had been to Cuba in 1964 with 84 other students, was seized with two other RAMs for trying to blow up the Statute of Liberty, the Washington Monument and the Liberty Bell.

"American blacks in Cuba today are not given the attention we used to get," Williams now says. "Even when Eldridge Cleaver went, he wasn't given the personal attention. Whenever I went anywhere with Fidel, I was always on the platform with him. When he drove by on the street and saw me, he would stop and say hello. Now . . .", he paused, "they don't do that anymore."

In the end, his ideas were closer to Che Guevara's. "The day before Che disappeared in 1965, he sent for me and we talked for two hours," Williams said. "He said there were some disagreements within the government, and he thought they hadn't given me and the black people the support we should have. There was an editorial in *Hoy* that day. Che picked it up and slammed it down. It was an editorial praising Martin Luther King. Che believed in the class struggle, but he realized that black people had a special problem that is more than class. And he thought it was the duty of revolutionaries to support us in what we thought. He would have given support to black movements as black movements."

Williams left Cuba (as a political refugee!) before Castro began to appreciate the revolutionary potential of a generation of disaffected young whites and blacks. Black radicals had gone to Cuba before 1966, but as members of larger radical delegations, like those of the Progressive Labor Party, Students for a Democratic Society or the Young Socialist Alliance. Now they came as individuals and as blacks. Williams was followed by Stokely Carmichael, Eldridge Cleaver, H. Rap Brown and by members of the Student National Coordinating Committee, the Black Panthers, RAM and the Republic of New Africa, another group which Williams had formed and led. For the first time, originally at their own request, blacks got some military training and some individuals also got guidance in revolutionary action and funds, often passed through the Cuban UN mission in New York. Williams himself is surprised at the numbers who have gone. "They go clandestinely, through Europe," he said. "They push to get some training, and they get it, like training in shooting. But they don't receive much training, from the way they've been doing. You plan to lose some battles, but you don't plan to lose them all."

The way Williams sees it, Cuba "started trying to encourage black militants and white revolutionaries to be more revolutionary around 1967. . . . Violence was the way the trend was going. They had to pretend to keep the image of violence, or they wouldn't stay ahead of the kids."

But by this time, Williams was in China, where he remained from 1966 to 1969. He lived not in the foreign compound with foreign diplomats, but in the Peace Committee Compound, with such well-known old China hands as the late Anna Louise Strong. He was free to go wherever he wanted, he says, even at the height of the cultural revolution. He had a personal interview with Chairman Mao and continued to edit his newspaper, which grew more and more violently anti-American. He insists he was not financially "supported" by the Chinese government; instead, Chinese workingmen "volunteered" to put out the paper and all the supervision was his own.

What he liked about China was the "ideal environment . . . so clean and moral . . . no guards at the banks . . . people didn't lock their doors . . . the Chinese youth itself eliminated drugs. . . ." But he told the Chinese, as he told the Cubans, he said, that he would leave when it was time to go home. In 1968, he visited Tanzania and again applied for an American passport. In 1964 in Cuba, he had been turned down, but now the State Department agreed to give him travel documents and even the required Treasury Department permission to bring in his Chinese belongings. His family was taken to Tanzania on a Chinese boat, under personal instruction of Mao. It is known that Williams testified privately on his return for the Internal Security Subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee in March, 1970; perhaps in exchange for promises of no federal prosecution, he privately testified for intelligence agencies.

"I describe myself now as a black nationalist," Williams says. "I believe in self-determination. Peo-

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ple must do things for themselves. Nobody can rely on other persons to liberate them. We must be realistic. We're not going to have integration soon. To push for it would only bring an explosion. There is less chance of conflict with separation, but self-determination is not segregation. It only means that black people are concentrating on improving their society. I came back because I wanted to see the country once more the way it was. It has to go Right or Left, one way or the other. Right now it is moving both Right and Left at the same time, but it's going to split and go one way." For a while, Williams had contacts with black radicals here, like the Panthers. But when they wanted to put an armed guard on his house, he was somewhat horrified. He wants to write, lecture, travel. He would like to tell young blacks that Cuba is not paradise. "Some poor kid may think he's being trained, but it's not enough training to make a revolution – just enough training to keep some disturbances going. The Cubans think at this stage it's better for the blacks to get arrested than to win a revolution. It arouses others abroad. But these people are being sacrified. They'd be better off to get their training in the Marine Corps."

What's Left of the New Left?

The New University Conference

by Charles A. Krause

There has been a deceptive quiet on campuses these days, what Kingman Brewster called "eerie tranquillity." SDS has disappeared, its leaders under indictment and underground, the Moratorium and New Mobe organizers have gone their separate ways, Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy are dead. The war, racism, poverty, hunger and student alienation remain, but there is no one to lead the troops and we are told that the troops no longer care to be led. But it is not all quiet.

The flamboyant and largely ineffective New Left organizations of the late sixties have been replaced by cadres of revolutionaries who seek neither publicity nor mass memberships nor huge demonstrations. Of these groups, the most impressive in terms of organization and skill and the most creative in terms of program is the New University Conference, founded in 1968 and growing each month. NUC is an alliance of radical graduate students and professors largely unknown outside the academic and New Left communities. Noam Chomsky and Tom Hayden helped found NUC by calling a conference of sympathetic colleagues to the University of Chicago in March, 1968; both have since moved on to other things and other groups.

Last year, NUC established a national office in Chicago and began to pay six field organizers. In September, 1970, there were about 400 members and 20 NUC chapters; there are now 800 members and 41 chapters at both large and prestigious universities and smaller community colleges. NUC has received and spent more than $40,000 over the past six months and has projected spending another $50,000 before fall. Unlike most other radical organizations, NUC knows who its members are and has asked that they pledge 2.5 percent of their annual salaries to NUC. More than a third of the membership has done so.

In December, NUC members disrupted the annual meetings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science and the American Historical Society. The Modern Language Association may support the Peoples Peace Treaty as a result of NUC organization within MLA. An NUC member chaired all of the plenary sessions of the recent Ann Arbor conference to organize for the support of the Peace Treaty – although she was not elected to do so and none of the delegates was aware that she was an NUC member.

In New York, an NUC member has provided official documents of the Board of Higher Education's planning department to the local NUC chapter, thus facilitating future actions against community college development. At Indiana University, a continuing fight for free day-care facilities is led by the Jeff Sharlet NUC chapter. At Princeton, the NUC chapter, less than five months old, brought Huey Newton to town and provoked demands that it be barred from using university facilities for a year.

What NUC is doing is organizing "educational workers at their work places." The strategy is to develop a working-class consciousness among academicians. NUC sees itself as the first of many such revo-

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lutionary unions and points to others which have begun to form, such as the pediatricians collective at Lincoln Hospital in New York, Science for People in Boston, the League of Revolutionary Black Workers in Detroit and the National Welfare Rights Organization, with which NUC has worked in organizing community groups near universities.

NUC members are expected to be organizers, living "a dialectical life, always weighing the constantly contradictory poles of political experience." An NUC pamphlet states that the organizer "is sensitive both to national political priorities (end the war now!, disrupt the momentum of racial pacification) and to the perceived concerns of his constituencies (what do radical faculty do about grades, what do students do about getting a job, what do communities do about pollution) and attempts to relate the two."

More important, "The NUC organizer . . . creates conflict between school authorities and faculty or students; between boards of education and communities; between corporate criminals and victims. For he knows that only in a conflict situation do issues become clear, does liberal rhetoric lie exposed, and does the mobilization of a powerful movement become possible."

NUC has developed a program, or "perspective" called Open Up the Schools (OUTS). This is the central working and organizing document on the basis of which NUC members seek to disrupt and eventually destroy the university as presently conceived. The OUTS analysis begins with the assumption that American institutions of higher education are tied to the capitalist system. ". . . the ruling class expects the schools to serve several functions . . . providing various kinds of workers, socializing people into their expected roles, maintaining various strata within the working class, 'cooling out' the aspirations of Third World, poor White, and Women students."

If the universities are unable to provide the workers necessary to a corporate society, then presumably the capitalist structure will fall. "OUTS" is a perspective for building a radical movement in the higher education system and replacing it with activities which will serve the People and the movement. Based on an analysis of the colleges which sees them not only as oppressive places in which to be, but as increasingly central to the institutional structure of US capitalism, OUTS seeks to provide a strategic basis for a sustained revolutionary movement in the schools. This movement, which finds the colleges not merely a locus of our activities but an important institutional target as well, can only be built over the "long haul."

OUTS demands that there be universal access to college-level education, that education be free, that corporations be taxed to pay for it because the university "relieves corporate ownership of the expense of training the work force," that "tracking" or "channeling" of students into certain job classifications be eliminated by ending the possibility of failure and abolishing course requirements, that standardized tests be dropped, that there be no multiple levels of curricula (no vocational training as such), that grading be ended, that teachers and students decide among themselves the content of all courses, and that day-care centers be provided free by universities to allow women equal access to education. NUC strategy calls for pressing one of the above demands, then moving quickly onto another when the first has been granted by a university. The idea is to build momentum and to keep up the pressure until the university goes under, which it certainly would if it acceded to many of these demands.

The question of violence was debated heatedly at the last two quarterly meetings of NUC. Tom Hecht, NUC's national secretary, does not believe that the organization will publicly endorse the use of violence, but he adds that "this is not a pacifist organization." NUC has agreed to disagree on the subject, knowing full well that coercion of any kind is anathema to most of the academicians NUC is trying to reach.

Perhaps the more interesting disagreement within NUC concerns the basis for revolution in an advanced industrial society. Some members argue that the Marxist-Leninist conception of developing consciousness among workers over economic exploitation still holds the key to revolution; others argue that a social revolution is at hand and should be used to bring about the downfall of the economic and political structure of the United States. There is some indication that the two positions will be reconciled. A recent NUC working paper states:

> The clash between expectation and reality experienced by large numbers of American youth cannot be underestimated in its potential revolutionary significance. This description may be widened: the basic social, cultural and economic needs of young people, GI's, and many other large groups, are not being met. Among these groups the recognition of oppression has created a mass alienation that, having developed over the past ten years, is already widespread and rapidly growing. The intensity of this feeling is a measure of the well understood gap between our technological resources and the artificial scarcity and regimentation to which most Americans are subjected.

These are not the naive young who marched with Martin Luther King (though many did), nor the war protesters who stormed the Pentagon with Norman Mailer in 1967 (many did), nor the demonstrators who challenged the Democratic Party and Mayor Daley in Chicago (many did). They are the ones who came through all that with their determination intact – ready to spend the rest of their lives organizing, proselytizing and finally taking to the streets to create an economic, political and social revolution in the United States.

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JULES FEIFFER

WHAT IS THE JUSTIFICATION FOR AN INCURSION?

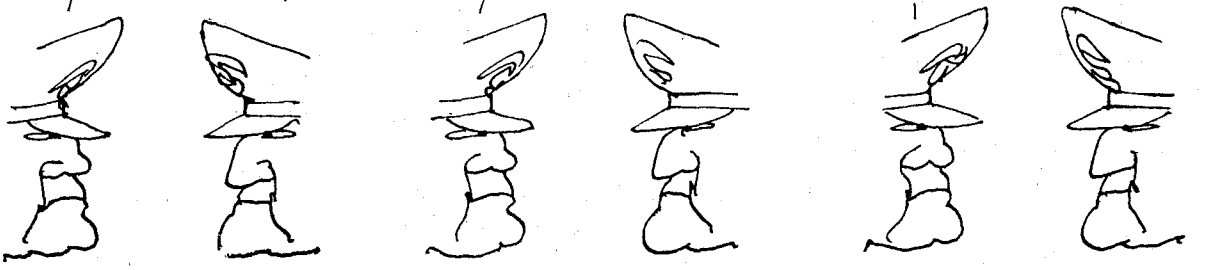
TO INTER-DICT.

WHAT IS IT YOU INTER-DICT WHEN YOU INCURSE?

ENEMY SUPPLY ROUTES.

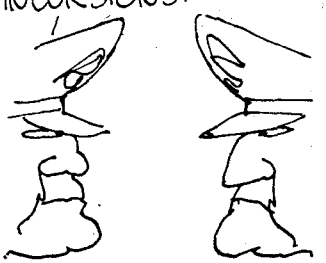
FOLLOWING THE CONCLUSION OF INTERDICTION WHAT IS THE EVALUATION?

SPECTAC-ULAR SUCCESS.



THEN WHAT IS THE JUSTIFI-CATION FOR FURTHER INCURSIONS?

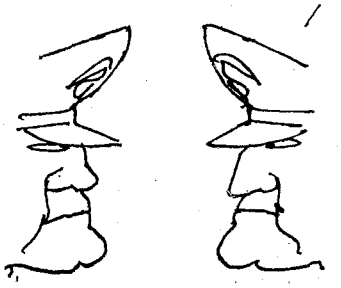
TO INTERDICT.



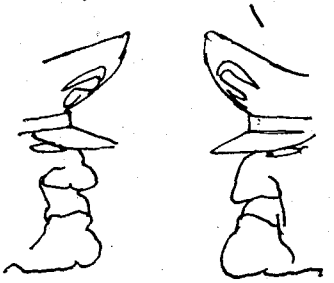
Dist. Publishers-Hall Syndicate

WHY INCURSE AGAIN WHEN YOU HAVE ALREADY SUCCESS-FULLY INTERDICTED?

ONCE YOU BEGIN TO INCURSE YOU'VE GOT TO CONTINUE INCURSING.

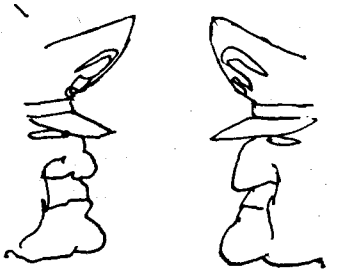


OR THE ENEMY WILL THINK YOU'RE A PITIFUL, HELPLESS INTERDICTER.



WHAT ARE THE CASUALTY FIGURES ON THE CURRENT INCURSION?

ON LANGUAGE: VERY HIGH.



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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Claire's Knee

(Columbia)

The Music Lovers

(United Artists)

Among my sins last year was my failure to review *My Night at Maud's* by Eric Rohmer. This French screenwriter and director, now 47 but virtually unknown in this country before *Maud,* has been working for years on a sextet of feature films which he calls *Six Moral Tales.* "In each tale," Rohmer said in a recent interview, "a man looks for one woman and finds another." *Maud,* which is immersed in Catholic ambience, is the third in the series. It's set in a small French city and concerns a serious man who does not make love to a beautiful woman in whose flat he spends the night; instead he has a thoughtful conversation with her. He marries a younger woman and, in a postlude a few years later, some psychological elements of the story at last fall into place.

Now we have *Claire's Knee,* which is the fifth of Rohmer's tales. (Numbers One, Two, and Four have not yet been shown here.) I liked it even more than *Maud* – for one reason, because it shows Rohmer to be a film maker with more than a style. To put it differently, it confirms that his style, courageously calm, derives from a large philosophical overview.

His work authenticates his claim to be the scion of seventeenth-century French classicism; in fact, I would extend the lineage to the eighteenth century and Diderot's *Rameau's Nephew.* Rohmer has seen classical form, classical *impulse,* as the source of his cinema. I emphasize this point: he is a man of film, one of the former editors of *Cahiers du Cinéma,* yet he has relied on a literary tradition. There is a great deal of conversation in his pictures and not much overt action, but the result is *film*: he has translated the techniques of French classical literature, the spirit, into film terms: of serial time, spatial deployment, sequences of images, and the very sound of words – even for one who has to rely on the subtitles, like me.

After admitting his debt to classicism, Rohmer says in the interview (*Le Monde Weekly,* Jan. 20, 1971):

> But one should not overemphasize the influence of classical culture on my film-making. You would probably be surprised to know that I learnt the rudiments of dialogue writing from a close study of detective stories!

Acknowledging that he is neither prig nor pedant, I still think the single most significant aspect of Rohmer's work is his success in transmuting a set of artistic concepts that were fashioned before film was imagined into a modern medium.

In *Claire's Knee* the serious games of love and desire and temptation and restraint are played principally by a man and a woman in their thirties and two step-sisters of 16 and 17. Jerome is a diplomat who has come to Lac d'Annecy to sell his villa there. He encounters Aurora, a Rumanian novelist he has not seen for some time, who is staying with a family on the lake and who is the means of his meeting the two sisters. Jerome is to be married in a month, to a woman we see only in a photograph; Aurora, we learn, is "resting" from sex-love life. He and she are very fond of each other and often touch as they talk, but I don't think we are to infer from this that they were once lovers, simply that they live in a culture where friends touch one another, almost as index of friendship *instead* of sex.

After he meets Laura, the younger daughter, Aurora tells him that the girl has fallen in love with him. From then on, Aurora suggests actions or nonactions to him, and he reports to her on what he has done or not done. He is, quite consciously, acting out the rough draft of a novel that she may one day write.

The brief flirtation with Laura ends, the older sister Claire arrives, cool and fair, where Laura had been dark and confiding. Claire is completely uninterested in Jerome; she has a boy friend of her own age, and is indeed the only one who is seemingly having an active sex life during the film. Possibly it's her indifference to him and his knowledge of her amour that fascinate Jerome. His desire is focused precisely on her right knee – not because he suddenly sees it – it's always visible, she wears brief skirts and swim-suits throughout. But one day Jerome sees her boy friend's hand on her knee and it suddenly becomes a sexual grail to him. In time he fulfills his quest, in a way that puts him and his desires in order again, without Claire's ever being aware of what has happened.

Much of the fabric consists of Jerome's secrets, which he confides to Aurora, so we see his actions with others from an inner vantage point. We become a bit jealous of his having an Aurora to whom he can report and from whom he can get advice. ("Men are driven by love and self-love," says Rohmer, "but they also feel the need to confide in someone." He is not a Catholic for nothing.)

Every detail of the film is painlessly planned and finely articulated. Jerome lives across the lake and travels by motor-boat; every visit to Aurora and the girls, therefore, takes on the image of voyage and departure. The color photography by Nestor Almendros almost *speaks* in its clarity: the camera even makes upholstery patterns part of the story. All the clothes have been carefully and, I'd say, wittily selected. There is not a note of music except when music is in the scene, and the silences and sounds also contribute.

Obviously a film like this depends very decidedly on its actors. They have to fill the screen, since the action is *in* them, not done by them. Rohmer has a canny gift for choosing the right people. Jean-Claude Brialy, familiar from *Les Cousins* and *King of Hearts* and many other pictures, is suitably complicated and gentle as Jerome. Aurora is Aurora Cornu, herself a novelist, who is appealing in a heavy, slightly hairy way. (Rohmer has left in several of her nonprofessional glances at the camera, as if to prove that she is a "real" person, not an actress.) But the best performances, the crucial ones, come from Beatrice Romand and Laurence de Monaghan as Laura and Claire. Their sensitivity and charm testify very strongly to the core of Rohmer's talent, which is to gain the confidence of his actors and to *present* them.

In this he resembles the older – and

(Continued on page 32)

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Gerald W. Johnson: Truman to Nixon

Off Course: From Truman to Nixon by Rexford Tugwell

(Praeger Publishers; $7.95)

Scintillant and scarifying are the adjectives most obviously applicable to Rexford G. Tugwell's review of the past twenty-five years of our political history. It is beautifully written, swift-paced, hard-hitting, and loaded, in roughly equal proportions, with perception and superstition, all of which makes for fascinating reading.

Its demerit is that the author, perhaps unwittingly, has usurped the prerogative of Deity by creating That Man in his own image, that is, his own image of the Flawless Statesman. (Interpretation for readers under forty: when the resources of objurgation had been exhausted, his enemies used the term "That Man in the White House" to avoid defiling their lips with the name of Franklin D. Roosevelt.) Mr. Tugwell was a follower of That Man, and today every candid student of history grants that he followed a great man, indeed, a very great man; but, as Mark Twain said of Hercules, we cannot admit he was a demigod because that would be unconstitutional.

Mr. Tugwell demands, in effect, that we do just that, and thereby opens a credibility gap in his argument. He postulates a Roosevelt (a) given an additional dozen years of life, (b) endowed with the physical and intellectual energy he possessed in 1932, and (c) with a clear perception of the greatest task with which the United States would be confronted in the quarter-century after 1945. Invalidating this are the historical facts (a) that he died, (b) that he died because his physical and nervous energies were exhausted, and (c) that if he had any comprehension of the course the United States must follow to survive in a world in which the old rules are abrogated, he did not reveal it to Mr. Tugwell, who does not mention it.

The Tugwell thesis is that if Roosevelt had survived he would have come to an agreement with Stalin that would have prevented the Cold War, the implication being that the Cold War was the chief, if not the sole source of our troubles today. Therefore the Rooseveltian epigoni are blameworthy for not having reached such an agreement. They took the Ship of State off course, and Mr. Tugwell excoriates them, especially Truman, mercilessly.

The first proposition of this argument is dubious, but not inconceivable. After 1945 Roosevelt might have reached an agreement – let us avoid the sleazy word *détente*, whose real meaning is a trigger, or pawl – with Stalin that would have avoided the Cold War by dividing the world into spheres of influence accepted by both the great powers. Castlereagh devised and Canning achieved such a coup, after the Napoleonic wars, under more difficult circumstances. They had to deal with Talleyrand, Metternich, and the prickly Alexander of Russia, any one of whom was as slippery as Stalin. But the net result of their labors was the "balance of power," which lasted rather less than half as long as the United States has already existed.

But the balance of power did not prevent a Cold War. Palmerston, as foreign minister, could have taught John Foster Dulles more about "brinkmanship" than Dulles ever knew, and Disraeli and Joe, the original Chamberlain, could have given him lessons, although the really effective one was taught by William Hohenzollern, who tried it once too often; and when he went over the edge carried not only his own empire, but those of Austria, the Ottoman Turks, and czarist Russia with him. As a matter of fact the successors of Roosevelt have established a balance of power of sorts as between the only two powers theoretically – but not practically – able to wage war on a global scale. The despised Truman did it when he exploded that atomic bomb over Hiroshima, killing 80,000 people, only half of them troops preparing to embark for service against our men.

Mr. Tugwell views this exploit with the utmost horror, although he accepts without blinking the fact that we had, under the command of his hero, Roosevelt, already killed 100,000 in Tokyo, practically all of them non-combatants and, in concert with our allies, 300,000 in Hamburg, as many in Dresden, and probably half a million in Berlin – which the Germans had matched in London. The difference was that we accomplished the Hiroshima slaughter without losing a man, whereas the other raids cost us and the British thousands of our aviators.

The permanent effect, yet to be fully realized, of Truman's bomb was to knock the main prop from under imperialism as it had been practiced from Assyria to Britain. This prop was military power consisting mainly of superior weaponry. In 1945 the atomic bomb seemed to be the ultimate weapon, which we assumed gave us ultimate power. What neither our politicians nor our people could believe, although they were told clamorously, was the fact that the principle of the thing was known to scientists all over the world, and that it could be made by any nation willing to spend the time and money necessary to fabricate it. But Russia, China, Britain, and France were willing and did make it, leaving us with a weapon effective, indeed, but suicidal to use.

Roosevelt died before the bomb was tested. He would have been insane to chart a course based on a mere hypothesis, and he did not. It is therefore erroneous to say that we are off the course he set: on August 6, 1945, we ran right off the only chart he possessed, the chart of political history. To employ the nautical metaphor, we rounded the Cape of Good Hope in 1945, and our error has been, not in going off course, but in not setting a course, either for the Horn, in one direction, or in the other, for Cape Comorin at the tip of India.

It is a grievous fault, and it may be a fatality, but the gravamen of the offense was not in turning our backs upon Roosevelt, but in failing to turn our eyes and our energies to the search for some new method of wielding the global power that has fallen to – or should one say upon? – us. To achieve this is President Nixon's primary responsibility, and if Mr. Tugwell seems more sympathetic toward him than toward Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, or Johnson, it is not without cause. He needs sympathy.

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Calvin Bedient: The Divine Game

Fiction and the Figures of Life
by William H. Gass

(Knopf: $6.95)

The theme of William H. Gass's collection of essays and reviews is spiritedly voiced by the heroine of his short narrative *Willie Master's Lonesome Wife* (1968): "I am that lady language chose to make her playhouse of, and if you do not like me . . . well sir, I'm not like you, a loud rude noise and fart upon the town." Literature, the lady says, is not life; it is different and superior. There is truth in her words, but a truth that Gass, unhappy with the town, tugs and pushes into falsity.

For Gass, fiction is a rubber wife: antiseptic, divinely unresponsive, a syllabic doll immune from fleshly ills. "That novels should be made of words," he exclaims, "and merely words, is shocking, really. It's as though you had discovered that your wife were made of rubber: the bliss of all those years, the fears . . . from sponge." Fiction, then, is harmless and compliant, bending to your every desire. "The worlds which . . . the writer creates, are only imaginatively possible ones; they need not be at all like any real one, and the metaphysics which any fiction implies is likely to be meaningless or false if taken as nature's own." Indeed, she will dissolve, this wife, if doused by the acid of truth: "Truth, I am convinced, has antipathy for art." ". . . Creative thought and creative imagination are not so much stirred on by truth . . . as by sublimity – a vision of absolute organization. It is really a moral insistence, this insistence that truth be first. . . ." In short, fiction is a "divine game," a sublimity of the word.

But novels are made of words, "and merely words," only in the nearsighted sense that human beings are made of cells, and merely cells. Novels are in fact composed of passions, events, personalities, and destinies, as Christopher Caudwell, Philip Rahv, and others have argued – which is why Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky can be great in translation and despite their own indifference to style. But Gass himself loves style, his fiction has been increasingly a fiction of soliloquy, and as a critic he does not resist the temptation to view the novel as poetry: the apple is too sensuously red, the need for a taste of verbal sweetness too great.

". . . There are no events but words in fiction," Gass asserts, adding that narration is but "that part of the art of fiction concerned with the coming on and passing off of words." More, rhythm and sound "are the heartbeat of writing, of prose no less than poetry." Yet, even as a view of poetry, this is, I think, myopic. The heart of fiction is the soul of an action; the heart of poetry, the clarification of an intuition – though poetry is indeed a centaur, as Pound said, the clarifying faculty leaping on physical hoofs. In neither form is primacy given to words, "coming on and passing off" like so many chorus girls kicking their way across a stage.

As if reacting to Fielding's Partridge, who shakes before the ghost in a performance of *Hamlet*, Gass speaks of "that dangerous feeling that a real Tietjens, a real Nickleby, lives just beyond the page." But a warning of this kind is needed, after all, only by the unsophisticated, who will not read these coyly difficult essays, with their boiling mental and verbal activity. In any case, Gass rebounds too far. "Talk about literature," he says, ". . . if it is not about ideas is generally about the people in it," but "nothing whatever that is appropriate to persons," he argues, "can be correctly said" of the people in fiction. They are "constructions," "merely words" – hence "we cannot think of Molly Bloom apart from her music." But of course we can, as Joyce himself, in his letters, did. The truth is that "characters in fiction," as Eudora Welty notes, "are conceived from within, and they have, accordingly, their own interior life." They are not a sort of smoke rising from off the little warming pots of words.

Even Gass, however, fond as he is of the kind "imprisonment" of language, wearies of being mated to a beautiful dummy: he wants the lady to speak and, indeed, however shyly, to instruct. Abandoning the inverted view of the novel as rhythm and sound or, at most, merely words, he offers, in the essay "In Terms of the Toenail," the theory that "the world the novelist makes is always a metaphorical model of our own." Words, after all, "mean things." "To say . . . that literature is language is to say that literature is made of meanings, concepts, ideas. . . ." These, in a novel, form a figure, and the figure is of life.

Gass thus inches round to the "customary" view that he otherwise scorns: that the novel confronts, if it does not copy, life. Accordingly, he quotes Henry James with implicit approval: "The great question as to a poet or a novelist is, How does he feel about life? what, in the last analysis, is his philosophy?" He notes of Barthelme that "a seriousness about his subject is sometimes wanting. When this obtains, the result is grim, and grimly overwhelming." He is impatient with the "shut-in" metaphysic of Singer, angry over the "sadism" of D. H. Lawrence (about whom he writes somewhat meanly), and disapproving of most of Nabokov's novels, which "often . . . seem like those Renaissance designs of flying machines – dreams enclosed in finely drawn lines – which are intended to intrigue, to dazzle, but not to fly." In brief, he wants his figures full and serious, quite as if he were as old-fashioned as Matthew Arnold.

Gass, however, cannot hold to this view, which makes of fiction too human a wife. Scientific and scrubbed as "metaphoric model" sounds, the creature yet "interacts" with the reader, lives with him and finds him where he lives. And so, when Gass is not off again with the rubber spouse, he is kneeling before an Amazonian one, who is, to his gratitude, too good for him, too good for this world.

This wife is fiction as "Being." The world in art "is not a world of pure Becoming, with the abstractions removed . . . ; it is a world invested out of the ordinary with formal natures,

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with types and typicals, by abstractions and purest principles. . . . It is charged with Being. Touching it provides a shock." Works of art "shame us, we fall so short of the quality of their Being." Though Gass notes in "The Concept of Character in Fiction" that "the so-called life one finds in novels . . . is not truer, more complex, or pure, and its people have less spontaneity, are less intricate, less free, less full," he concludes the same essay with a hymn "to the clear and brilliant world of concept . . . to fiction, where characters, unlike ourselves, freed from existence, can shine like essence, and purely Be."

But this wife, we may feel, is only the rubber one injected with the elixir of concept; she is equally barren, if more sublime. Like the spouse made of words, she has been dreamed up to compensate for the rude noises of the town. Look again into Gass's own full-length novel, *Omensetter's Luck* (1966), and you find characters as shadowed as ourselves, similarly caught by "existence," disoriented from "essence," unable to "purely Be," as all who live in history necessarily are. The most impressive aspect of Gass's novel is not its language, which is sometimes beautiful and sometimes choked upon itself, nor its "brilliant world of concept," but its depth and seriousness as virtual history, as a drama of man benighted in time. This has always been the "world" of fiction. The greatest novels take their stature from their knowledge of Becoming. If Being is in them, it is brokenly, as grief is in a loss.

The good things in *Fiction and the Figures of Life* are all pieces that slip by the nets of Gass's theory of fiction: an exquisite study of Henry James, "The High Brutality of Good Intentions"; a bright philosophical exercise called "The Stylization of Desire"; and essay-reviews on William James and Bertrand Russell. These are as good as anything of their kind. There are also bell-toned incidental notations, as for example that Barthelme's sentences represent "a dizzying series of swift, smooth modulations, a harmony of discords," or that "it is Dickens' habit to treat speech as if it were an attribute of character, like tallness or honesty, and not an act." Whatever its faults, the book is passionate and lively; and, handsomely got up by Knopf (though minus an index), it is a pleasure to own.

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Jonathan Yardley: Still Loving

The Abortion: An Historical Romance 1966 by Richard Brautigan

(Simon and Schuster; $5.95 cloth, $1.95 paper)

A friend who owns a big college-town bookstore tells me that he looks with a puzzled wonder at the great stacks of Richard Brautigan in his paperback department. "Every day," he says, "I expect to come in from lunch and find that the Brautigan cult has vanished in my absence."

He's right, of course. Sooner or later – my own guess being sooner – Brautigan is going to go the way of many minor literary figures, and even some bigger ones, like Salinger, who appeal to the peculiar needs of late adolescence. But right now Brautigan is riding high. He is the Love Generation's answer to Charlie Schultz. Happiness is a warm hippie.

Brautigan is so warm it's impossible to say anything very nasty about him. The harshest critical guns must be muffled in bemused sweetness by someone of such overweaning ingenuousness that he can write, evidently in utter solemnity, a passage of such Nature Boy sentimentality as this:

> There are high arched windows here in the library above the bookshelves and there are two green trees towering into the windows and they spread their branches like past against the glass.
>
> I love those trees.

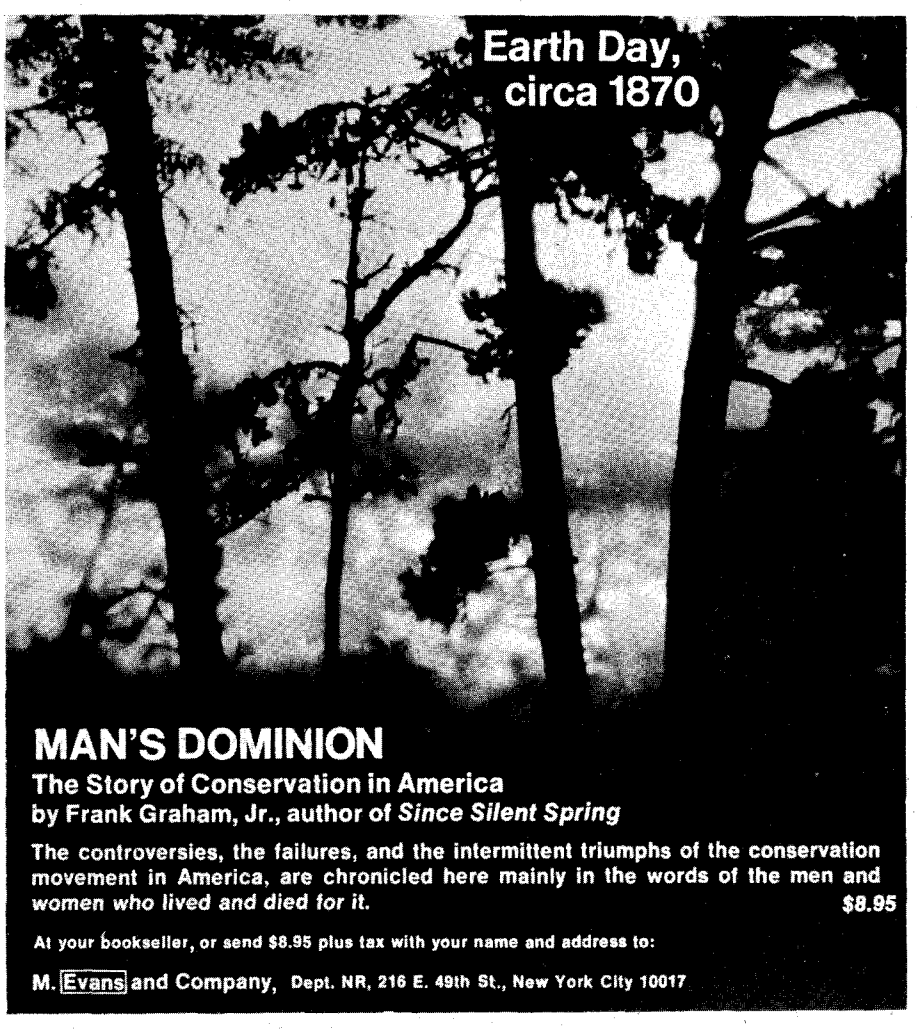
Or who, turning his fine hand to poetry, can produce Hallmark greetings like "Please," which I quote in its entirety:

> Do you think of me
> as often as I think
> of you?

The Brautigan people regard their novelist-poet with the same intense affection they lavish on Bob Dylan and Joan Baez. When a Brautigan effort appears in the pages of *Rolling Stone*, the rock journal publishes it with typographical ruffles and flourishes, as though it were a heavenly beneficence. In the current issue of *New American Review* Brautigan is subjected to loving analysis by one John Clayton, who is enraptured by Brautigan's "stoned imagination" and his vision of a Pepperland in which all Blue Meanies have been either routed or converted, but who sadly laments that Brautigan is content to lie back in the nostalgic world of "Trout Fishing in America" when he ought to be manning the ramparts with Clayton and other builders of a "radical movement."

It fascinates me that, in *The Abortion* as in virtually all of his publications, Brautigan's photograph is prominently featured on the front cover. He stands there, on the steps of what we are to take to be the library that is the book's setting, in a pose of careful casualness. His long (but not *too* long) hair and his elegantly droopy mustache, combined with his casual yet somehow ordered attire, contrive to create an image of gentleness and folksiness. Not even Mailer handles the cult of literary personality more deftly – but there the connection ends.

That the young should have taken so passionately to Brautigan is not surprising. He is the literary embodiment of Woodstock, his little novels and poems being right in the let's-get-back-to-nature-and-get-it-all-together groove. His exceedingly casual, offhand style is wholly vogue, and I readily concede that there is a certain charm about it and him. His imagination *is*, as Clayton says, "stoned," and it is capable of coming up with funny, pleasant surprises. *Trout Fishing in America* may not really be a novel, much less a good one, but it has an antic quality I like; the famous chapter entitled "The Cleveland Wrecking Yard," in which Brautigan visits a junkyard which is selling a trout stream cut into sections and priced by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the foot, is not bad at all. *The Abortion* is more conventional and less imaginative than *Trout Fishing*, but its little tale of an improbable romance in an improbable setting is diverting, and Brautiganites will find in it their usual joys. The loveable Brautigan himself is on hand as always, his own hero, talking about love and peace and the beauties of nature. The book is modestly funny, can be read in a matter of an hour or so, and will not hurt a soul.

J.M. Edelstein: The Last Word

The Obituary Book by Alden Whitman

(Stein & Day; $7.95).

If Alden Whitman comes to call, pay attention. The rest of the world will. Mr. Whitman is Chief Obituary Writer of *The New York Times* and this book contains the highlights of what has been described as the Obituary Revolution. Until 1965, *The New York Times'* obituaries, like those of other newspapers, were most often summaries of factual material, sounding very much like entries in *Who's Who*. They followed, one assumes, the principle of saying nothing but good about the dead. As a result they usually made dull reading.

Starting in 1965, the *Times* changed its policy; the obituaries of important figures were prepared in advance by Mr. Whitman, and whenever it was possible, they were prepared in consultation with his noted subjects. Few refused to see Mr. Whitman, for the meeting gave them a chance to set the record straight, with the understanding that the material would not be published until after their deaths.

Mr. Whitman has confessed that writing an obituary in advance does cause an occupational astigmatism, and once he has written someone off he is always referring to that person in the past tense no matter what the state of that person's presence in the world. It is worth quoting Alden Whitman himself on the nature of an obituary in his introductory essay, "The Art of the Obituary": "It is (or should be) the recital

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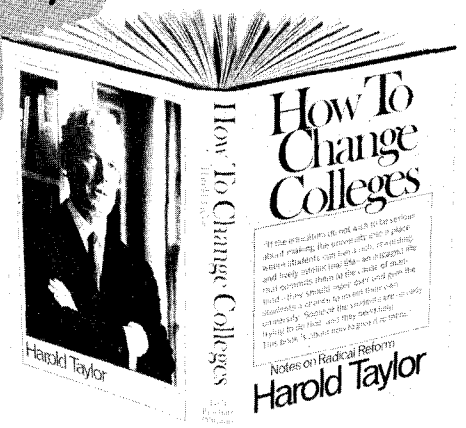

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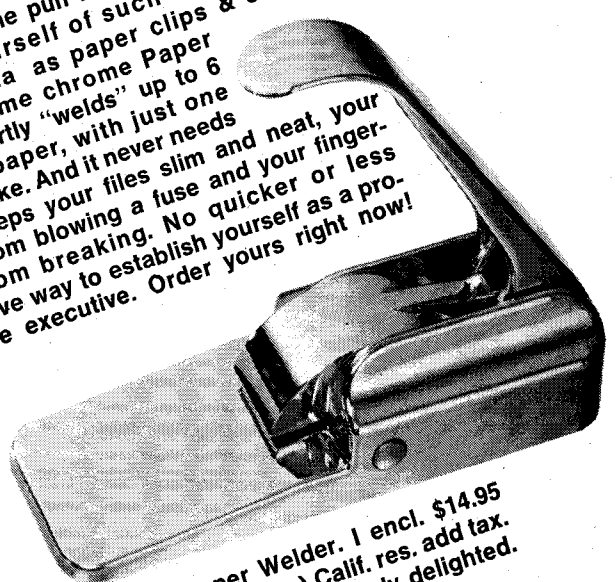

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of the main features of a life and the person who led it; it should be constructed as a whole and written with grace, capturing, ideally, its subject's unique flavor. . . . A good obit should not be a partisan document. Indeed, it ought to be as dispassionate and as many-sided as possible, telling what the person thought of himself, what his friends thought, and what his critics had to contribute. This is not so easy as it sounds, because any obit writer inevitably comes to like some subjects better than others. The trick is not to let this show." The introduction is a comprehensive one, with no secrets left out of Mr. Whitman's account of his novel trade. He tells us what it is like to appear at the doors of the famous not yet dead (from Harry Truman who announced 'I know why you are here, and I want to help you all I can,' to Vladimir Nabokov who asked for questions in advance and submitted written replies, to Edmund Wilson who turned down an interview saying he was too busy being a critic to be bothered); who deserves a major obituary in the *Times* ("either the unassailably famous or the utterly infamous" and these range from T. S. Eliot to Sherman Billingsley to Alice Toklas, Alexander Kerensky and Albert Schweitzer); how he goes about preparing the obit and what it is, in fact, that makes a major obituary different from a biography.

There are thirty-seven obituaries in this unusual book. Perhaps it should have been called "the last word."

Notable

Freud
by O. Mannoni
translated by Renaud Bruce

(Pantheon, $6.95)

Psychoanalysis has never had much influence among the French upper-middle-class intelligentsia – certainly not in comparison to the way Freud's ideas have affected us in America, or to a lesser degree, the English. Perhaps the French are too cynical, too practical, too worldly; they did not in the first place (say, in the nineteenth century) take such pains to shut themselves off (culturally and in their social customs)

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from the sexual forces that constantly urge themselves upon us – and so Freud's theories were not needed as a kind of liberating force. More recently some French psychoanalysts of considerable stature and erudition have emerged, and they provide an interesting and welcome contrast to their American colleagues. Jacques Lacon is one such theorist, and the author of this book on Freud is another.

One has to be careful not to say that Dr. Mannoni has written a biography of Freud. He writes about the man and about his various books and ideas, but he does so as a relaxed essayist. He wants to respond to Freud's vision of life, and give that particular vision its place in the tradition of Western thought. In a sense, then, this book is an addition to the social history of psychoanalysis. For Dr. Mannoni, Freud was a radical thinker with all the instincts of a conservative. He constantly looked back at the past, not only his patient's past but the past that goes under the name of "ancient civilization." He treasured relics of that civilization – statues and pieces of stone and fragments of one sort or another, all of which he kept on his desk or on tables nearby in his office. He valued the ideas that other generations have considered important, and wanted only to show how systematically useful (in a doctor's office) those ideas can become. Dr. Mannoni draws upon most of Freud's books and manages to convey the brilliance of the man's mind, the range of his interests, and the considerable literary as well as intellectual achievement he managed.

Most interesting are the comments about America and its almost feverish acceptance of a certain kind of psychoanalytic thinking. Dr. Mannoni feels that "as soon as Freudian analysis reached America, it was immediately absorbed into a pseudo-Darwinian ideology of social adjustment." He scorns what he calls the "pietistic books" which deftly murder a great man's spirit with literal-minded idolatry, and he also wonders why it has been that Americans in particular have been so attentive to psychoanalysis, yet often enough unaware of the radical implications (for individuals and society alike) much of Freud's thinking presents. Freud himself distrusted America, feared it almost, and never expected his ideas to gain ready acceptance here. But tough-minded and shrewd as he was, and suspicious as he was of just about everyone's purposes, one wonders whether even he had any idea how successfully Americans would turn a sharp and passionate social critic like himself into an apostle of the "adjustment" Dr. Mannoni mentions.

The Merry Month of May
by James Jones

(Delacorte; $7.95)

There are these writers, none of them much good, who live in Paris just like Ernest and Scott did, and they drink and go to orgies and know the headwaiter at Lipps on the Boulevard St. Germain, and they meet other writers, real ones like Bill Styron and Mary McCarthy and George Plimpton, and the Sorbonne students riot and a black lesbian shows them all a trick or two, and there's a conflict between generations and between wives and husbands and between revolutionaries and liberals, and it's all very up-to-date, very sad and very bad.

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"BYRD WINS, TEDDY LOSES.
Break the cider open, mother;/ Take a brush to sister's hair. / Tell the hired hand the folks are / Going on a tear. / I'll go slick up in the parlor; / You wind up the phonograph. / Golly Pete, ain't felt so good since / Bessie dropped her calf./"

For a free copy of NATIONAL REVIEW, write: Dept. B, 150 E. 35 Street, N. Y. 10016.

Television

Environment

Betty Friedan was in good form the other night on William Buckley's "Firing Line" (Tuesdays, PBS). It was Buckley and his kind who had turned the little woman into an evangelist for lean sinks. Truth is with her for the benefit of Tide. Yes, the worst elements of American commercialism can be partly attributed to the male. What Friedan neglects is that those elements have also pretty well endangered the male too. Why for example are all those talking heads on the news shows so solemn, so earnest and straightforward? It isn't easy for Cronkite, Chancellor, Newman, McGee and so forth to be interrupted maybe six times in a half hour by the contemptible Lavoris-Listerine-Anacin set. Their dignity is at stake; no wonder they get solemn-eyed.

The dignity of all of us (man and woman) is at stake. One of my lesser fans wrote recently that my complaints about commercials were childish – and that any serious confrontation of TV

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for the masses had to recognize the plain fact of commercials. I recognize it all right, and some of my less pragmatic friends think I am much too easy in my recognitions. I also know that Lavoris, Listerine and Anacin wouldn't exist without advertising. But I keep thinking that TV and the country are big enough to get along without these greedy pipsqueaks. I'd like to see Betty Friedan and *her* kind help us get rid of them. It will not do to take the line that they are harmless, that nobody over the age of eight believes them. Belief has never been the issue with such lying shenanigans. Their mere presence is a continuing insult, an act of extraordinary contempt for our species; and just as with male chauvinism in front of females, such insults are hard on us all.

But surely male chauvinism is harder to get rid of than the advertisers of Listerine; I cannot believe that here the issues are comparable. One is deeply built in, the other is light as a feather. But nothing even light as a feather can be obstructed by our legislative processes, it seems, if the feather has some dough. How shackled we are!

The whole subject of commercialism is so worn and wearing – it is even older, think of it, than the Vietnam war – that it's hard to talk about; but it sure won't go away. I was amused to watch Frank McGee wind up a recent NBC news program with the complaint that somewhere in the New York City government the sense of values was deficient, since New York had purchased Yankee Stadium on a day that it also laid off 6000 teachers. McGee said even though the purchase of Yankee Stadium might in the long run be profitable, this was no time, etc. As he somberly finished Lavoris came beaming in with Pucker Power.

Perhaps McGee was telling us that values are affected by environment. They sure are. He sure is. The seriousness and integrity of talking heads on a rat-infested half hour are affected by environment. McGee and the others need to walk up to Messrs. Lavoris, Geritol, etc., and say "Sirs, you are polluting our environment." For they are.

I'd say, though I may be wrong, that the tube's environment is more readily polluted in this way than the environment of the writers for newspapers and periodicals. One can somehow or other read that editorial or that column by Sedulus without reading or looking at the surrounding material; but on TV the material is necessarily interrupted because there's only the one image at a time. But in any event I am only talking about extremes of advertising pollution. It seems to me we are dealing regularly with such extremes on the tube now, as we are not in other sorts of advertising. Of what do these extremes consist? Mostly of 30 or 60 second excerpts from the fictitious lives of fictitious fools (played by real professional go-getters) who walk around singing and dancing about Pucker Power. The corruption is in the faces, in the talk, in the misplaced *drama* of it. That none of the drama has beans to do with the product advertised, we have all known for decades, but I think that we have not sufficiently realized the corrupting capacity of such indirection. It has become the more corrupting as it has become sophisticated. When the ads begin to make jokes about their own dramatic properties, after the manner of burlesque or satire, then we've had it.

The thing to remember is that these people are not unbeatable, though my guess is that they are unbeatable by legislation. Look what Robert Choate did to frighten the breakfast food crowd. I for one would be willing to hire Betty Friedan for the post of creepy advertiser frightener, even if she did throw male chauvinism into the bargain – and perhaps even hit me. But I do think the first people to try should be the people like McGee, Chancellor, Cronkite. They have a lot at stake, as we all do; but they must feel the stake more sharply than we outsiders do, and you can see it in their faces. Have you ever noticed how, when they come on after the commercial, they grimace slightly before starting to speak? Tell 'em off, you dignified faces. It is you who will establish the environment of your program. Tell them that the ads have to conform to rigid standards. And then you write the standards. (I'll be glad to help.)

Sedulus

THIS YEAR, TREAT YOURSELF TO THE SOVIET UNION

This is the year to see the Soviet Union yourself. Walk the streets of fabled cities, view the treasures and palaces of czarist Russia, and visit the schools and factories that characterize the new Soviet Union.

The American Travel Association, the consumer-owned travel organization, has three tours and dozens of departures at reasonable prices. Summer tours begin at $649, and winter tours begin at $549, including all transportation (from New York), first class hotel accommodations, all meals, sightseeing trips, entertainment, all tips and expert guides.

Write today for more information:

American Travel Association
1000 Vermont Ave., N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20005

Correspondence

Turnip Blood

Sirs:

Although I agree completely with the premises and conclusions of Ralph Lapp's article of February 6 "Power and Hot Water," the unfortunate fact remains that energy conversions from one form to any other always involve a non-zero energy waste.

I once had a rather witty thermo

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dynamics professor who stated the First and Second Laws of Thermodynamics in these earthy terms:

"The First Law of Thermodynamics says that you can't get blood out of a turnip,"
"The Second says that even if you could, you couldn't get it all."

Even if we develop direct nuclear-radiation-to-electricity conversion techniques (they already exist on a small scale), we will still have some heat-loss to deal with.

One of the most certain things in energy conversion is that the energy loss nearly always is expressed as heat. I suspect that even with a conversion process vastly more efficient than presently feasible, we will, because of the spiralling use of electricity, end up with a cooling problem which will dwarf the current difficulties to which Mr. Lapp has so ably addressed himself.

Robert S. Helfman
Riverside, California

In reply . . .

No argument.

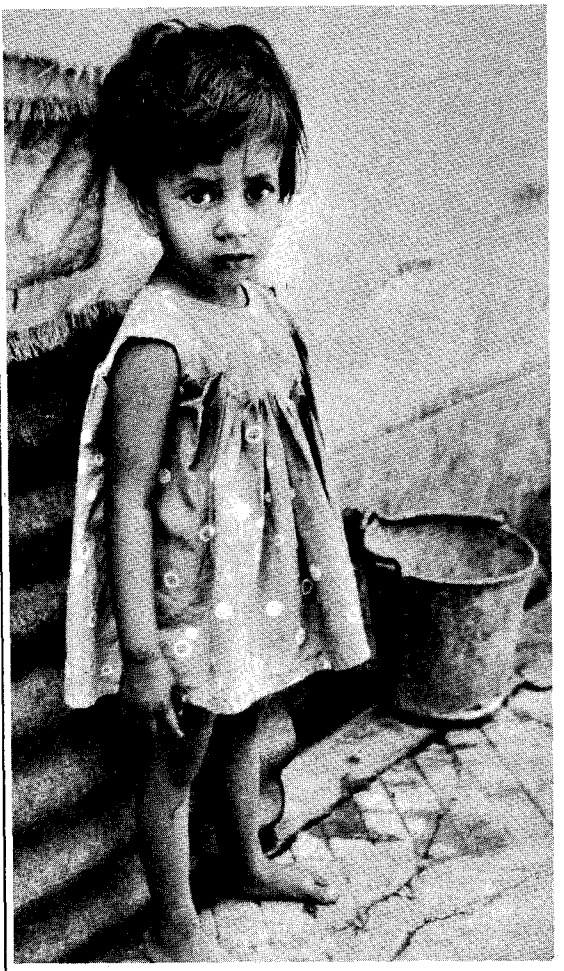
Ralph E. Lapp

Charles Sumner

Sirs:

In Howard N. Meyer's attack upon my *Charles Sumner and the Rights of Man* (January 9) he asserts that I have called Sumner "the most objectionable figure in American history." In fact, the quoted words are not mine at all; they come from Judge Learned Hand. I cited Hand's judgment not because I agree with it but because my biography is an effort to correct this unfair but widely accepted characterization.

Mr. Meyer claims that I fail to quote from Moorfield Storey, who was an admirer of Sumner. In fact, as even the index shows, I drew upon Storey's unpublished autobiography and contemporary letters (pp. 325, 326) to show the interest Sumner took in his young secretary and the care he exhibited in seeing that Storey was comfortably housed. It is true that I did not quote from Storey's eulogy of Sumner delivered before the Saturday Club, for I have avoided all such



HUNGER IS ALL SHE HAS EVER KNOWN

Margaret was found in a back lane of Calcutta, lying in her doorway, unconscious from hunger. Inside, her mother had just died in childbirth.

You can see from the expression on Margaret's face that she doesn't understand why her mother can't get up, or why her father doesn't come home, or why the dull throb in her stomach won't go away.

What you can't see is that Margaret is dying of malnutrition. She has periods of fainting, her eyes are strangely glazed. Next will come a bloated stomach, falling hair, parched skin. And finally, death from malnutrition, a killer that claims 10,000 lives *every day*.

Meanwhile, in America we eat 4.66 pounds of food a day per person, then throw away enough garbage to feed a family of six in India. In fact, the average dog in America has a higher protein diet than Margaret!

If you were to suddenly join the ranks of 1½ billion people who are forever hungry, your next meal would be a bowl of rice, day after tomorrow a piece of fish the size of a silver dollar, later in the week more rice—maybe.

Hard-pressed by the natural disasters and phenomenal birth rate, the Indian government is valiantly trying to curb what Mahatma Gandhi called "The Eternal Compulsory Fast."

But Margaret's story can have a happy ending, because she has a CCF sponsor now. And for only $12 a month you can also sponsor a child like Margaret and help provide food, clothing, shelter—and love.

You will receive the child's picture, personal history, and the opportunity to exchange letters, Christmas cards—and priceless friendship.

Since 1938, American sponsors have found this to be an intimate, person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with youngsters around the world.

So won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Taiwan (Formosa) and Hong Kong. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

Write today: Verent J. Mills

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc. Box 511 Richmond, Va. 23204

I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country)_____
☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay $12 a month. I enclose my first payment of $_____. Send me child's name, story, address and picture. I cannot sponsor a child but want to give $_____.
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NR3630

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vague, general characterizations of Sumner, whether friendly or hostile. . . . Mr. Meyer brands as "a melange of quarter-truths" my statement that Sumner was not the author or the sponsor of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, or Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution. As my biography shows in great detail, he objected to the first and last of these as unnecessary, and he fought the Fourteenth Amendment as "grossly inadequate to the occasion."

David Donald
Baltimore, Md.

In Reply . . .

Considering how heavily Dr. Donald's books are freighted with the paraphernalia of scholarship, it is remarkable that his letter offers for the first time identification of the source of the "objectionable" verdict.

I stand on my reference to Storey and leave it to others to judge its fairness. As to "quarter-truths," Sumner launched the Thirteenth Amendment on the road to ratification by presenting to the Congress an immense, 400,000-signature petition in support of his own early version, borne to the legislative chamber by two blacks. As to the Fourteenth, it was Sumner's successful fight against the inept first version of the present *second* clause that made possible the full Fourteenth and the Fifteenth as well. Space permits no more extended documentation than reference to pp. 294-6 of DuBois' *Black Reconstruction*.

Howard N. Meyer

Rossini

Sirs:

"Of Rossini's 39 operas," Robert Evett writes in NR, "the only one you are likely to hear complete is *The Barber of Seville* . . . A full-scale staging of one of Rossini's forgotten operas is as rare as the revival of *Roberta*."

Well, if you were in Chicago last fall you could have heard *L'Italiana in Algeri;* and if you're there next fall you'll be able to hear *Semiramide*. If you were in New York last spring or fall, or if you're in New York now, you can hear *Cenerentola*. If you were in London last spring, you could have

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gone down to Glyndebourne for *Il Turco in Italia* (and a few years back I heard a *Comte Ory* at Glyndebourne myself). If you were in Milan last spring you could have heard *The Siege of Corinth*, in a performance which was noted in this country, being the occasion for a *Newsweek* cover for Beverly Sills. In 1968 the Rome Opera brought Rossini's *Otello* to Lincoln Center. As I recall it, somebody somewhere has done *Guillaume Tell* in the last year or two, and the Virtuosi di Roma toured the country with *Il Signor Bruschino*. I'm sure there have been lots of other revivals, too, but I don't keep up with these things. I guess Mr. Evett doesn't, either.

Maybe it's the fault of the book he reviewed, which was, after all, published in 1959. What goes on around here?

Martin Mayer
New York City

In reply:

Since Mr. Mayer has sent in a strange sort of nit-picking letter, this will be a strange sort of nit-picking reply.

Stendhal's *Life of Rossini* was published in 1824. Richard N. Coe's annotated translation, which I reviewed, was published in the United States by the Orion Press on January 15, 1971.

To proceed from this jazzy bibliographical note to what seems to be the burden of Mr. Mayer's complaint: I did not say that Rossini revivals never take place; I said that they are rare, and they are. Herbert Weinstock's excellent biography of Rossini (Knopf, 1968) gives the pertinent data about Rossini revivals until that year, and I can add still another to Mr. Mayer's list. *Le Comte Ory* was staged in 1969 by the Opera Society of Washington. So?

If you want to amend my statement to read: "A person with lots of money, time, and a liking for travel, combined with a voracious taste for Rossini, can, if he puts his back in it, occasionally find a production of a neglected Rossini opera," you will be right. It seems ridiculous to repeat what everybody who is at all interested in the subject knows perfectly well, but I'll do it anyway: The only opera of Rossini's that has stayed in the international repertory is *The Barber of Seville*, and it is the only one that "you," the general reader, are likely to see.

Robert Evett

Notes on Contributors

Calvin Bedient's *book*, Architects of the Self: George Eliot, D. H. Lawrence, and E. M. Forster, *will be published by the University of California in the fall.* J. M. Edelstein *is a lecturer on bibliography at the University of California at Los Angeles.* Jonathan Yardley *is book editor of the Greensboro Daily News.*

Beneficiaries

Sirs:

We appreciate the favorable comment given Yale's plan for providing financial support for its students. Yale's effort is known as the Tuition Postponement Option plan and not PAYE. In addition, we would like to call attention to the fact that every student who uses this plan will repay at least $29 per $1000 borrowed, each year; so that, as a minimum, every student repays the nominal amount borrowed (although most of those payments would be in inflated dollars).

I believe it is important that to correct the impression that students are the full beneficiaries of higher education. On either economic or intellectual rationales, we should conclude that society is a significant beneficiary of the outputs of graduates of American universities and from the availability of facilities for advanced research into modern problems. While we grant that students will be the recipients of benefits in large measure, the fact that they are the only beneficiaries should not be inferred.

Albert W. Buesking
Yale University

Known Danger

Sirs:

When I emigrated to this continent from Holland in May 1956 I was taken aback by the – to me – careless abandon with which Chloromycetin (Chloramphenicol, Parke-Davis) was used and prescribed by my colleagues here. In Holland the use of this drug had for some time been restricted to cases of typhoid fever. Upon reading Stanford Sesser's "Peddling Dangerous Drugs

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Abroad" in the March 6 issue I looked up an issue of the Dutch Medical Journal (*Nederlands Tijdschrift voor Geneeskunde*) dated 1954 in which I found reference to a recommendation: "– that Chloromycetin be used only in cases of typhoid fever and infections caused by micro-organisms which were not sensitive to any other antibiotic."

It is interesting to note that this recommendation was issued by the (US) Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry and published in the Journal of the American Medical Association (1954) 154, 144.

Edw. A. Nol, MD
Pontiac, Mich.

Kauffmann, *from page 20*

greater – French Catholic director, Robert Bresson. Also, as in Bresson's *Diary of a Country Priest*, Rohmer's film has a diaristic effect. Each sequence is introduced by a handwritten title, bearing the day and date; the story runs precisely from June 29 to July 29. (The rhythm of these sequences is neatly controlled, each one cut off astringently, their duration nicely varied.) And, although the atmosphere of *Claire's Knee* is much more voluptuous than anything I've seen in Bresson, there is the same feeling of almost ascetic selection of everything.

Two things are different from Bresson, which make Rohmer lesser. There is no passion; there is only intrigue, even though it is intrigue that involves the spirit and self. And, in *Claire's Knee* there is little feeling of accomplishment, of arrival at some revelation when it's over. (Not true of *Maud.*) When this film is finished, we feel only that we've spent 100 minutes in the company of some attractive and intelligent people. Drama, true drama, is concerned with the most important events that will ever happen to its characters. We can't feel that the events of *Claire's Knee* are the peaks of its characters' lives. All we have seen is some of their experience, experience which indicates what they are, more than it affects them for any change. But as they are all interesting and are in the hands of a fine talent, the 100 minutes are lovely.

The Music Lovers is Ken Russell's film on the life of Tchaikovsky. It sounds as if it had been written by S. J. Perelman to show what a 1935 Hollywood life-of-a-composer script would be if done now, with mod sexual permissiveness. It looks as if Perelman had seen Russell's *Women in Love* and Brook's *Marat/Sade*, had recoiled from both, and had decided to direct, for the first time, as an act of revenge. Glenda Jackson, the slut-wife, is too good for the picture. Richard Chamberlain, the hero, is not.

Personals

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HANDWRITING ANALYSIS. Send writing sample and $5 to Elizabeth King, 41 East 29th Street, New York, New York 10016.

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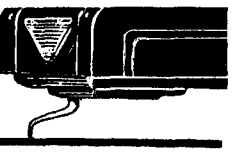

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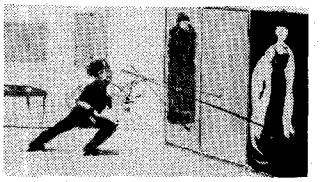

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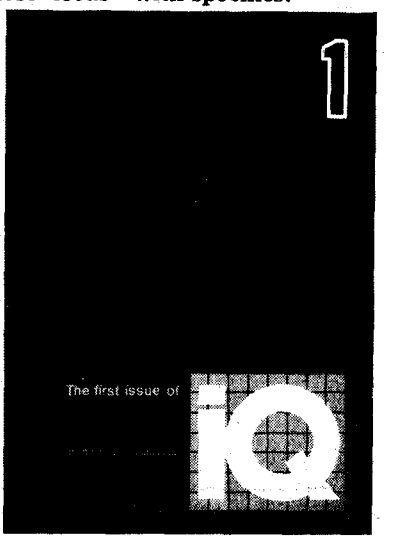

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